THE
COMMONWEAL

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CATHOLICS AND WORLD PEACE

WE ASK our readers to give their special attention to the article, printed elsewhere in this number, by J. Albert Haldi—An Appeal to American Catholics. Father Haldi, in a restrained, yet earnest way, puts a question to American Catholics which cannot fail to cause much searching of conscience among them, and the answer to which should be, we think, an emphatic "no!" Moreover, unless American Catholics are singularly insensitive to their traditions and beliefs, both as Americans and as Catholics, their answer to Father Haldi's question should not be a merely verbal one, but should immediately be followed up by acts proving that they mean what they say.

The question is this—"Should American Catholics be indifferent to their great possibilities in the promotion of world peace, while their fellow Catholics in other countries are making such praiseworthy efforts in this direction?"

Father Haldi's article gives a summary yet sufficient account, for the present, of the efforts being made by Catholics abroad to preserve peace and avert another war. Fully associating this journal with the attempt made through it by our contributor to arouse American Catholics, in a collective fashion, to a sense of their responsibility and their opportunity to coöperate in what truly should be a world-wide movement to avert a world-wide menace, we shall in this place devote ourselves to at least a partial attempt to supplement Father Haldi's argument.

The first questions that occur to us in considering this matter are as follows, namely—"Do American Catholics lack leadership in the necessary business of making their desire for world peace and reconstruction conscious and articulate, and in organizing practical steps to realize that desire? Is there no leadership which has formulated the principles upon which their actions in this most important work should be based, and by means of which they should be guided?" Fortunately, it can be said that American Catholics do possess this sort of leadership, and have had presented to their consideration the necessary principles for effective action.

In September, 1919, the archbishops and bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States assembled in conference at the Catholic University of America. Thirty-five years had elapsed since the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. During those thirty-five years both the nation and the Catholic Church of the United States had grown and progressed tremendously. The assembled archbishops and bishops in 1919 issued a joint pastoral letter addressed to the clergy and the laity, in which they reviewed the work accomplished since the Third Plenary Council, and laid down once more the general principles, which as leaders of the

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faithful they desired to impress upon the minds and souls of the American Catholic people. All the great fundamental questions of the time are dealt with in this letter. Many problems are discussed, nor is the fundamentally important subject of international co-operation to avert war and maintain peace, forgotten or ignored. The pastoral letter abounds with the pregnant expression of the ruling principles which should guide American Catholics in this most momentous matter. In connection with the views presented by Father Haldi elsewhere, we cull from the pastoral letter part at least of the teaching of the authorities of the Church in the United States.

After tracing briefly yet adequately the contribution of American Catholics in all branches of the public services to the prosecution and the winning of the war, when, as the pastoral letter states the case, "the traditional patriotism of our Catholic people [was] amply demonstrated in the day of our country's trial," the bishops go on to say—"We shall not render them their due nor show ourselves worthy to name them as our own, unless we inherit their spirit and make it the soul of our national life. The very monuments we raise in their honor will become a reproach to us, if we fail in those things of which they have left us such splendid example. . . .

"We entered the war with the highest of objects, proclaiming at every step that we battled for the right, and pointing to our country as a model for the world's imitation. We accepted therewith the responsibility of leadership in accomplishing the task that lies before mankind. The world awaits our fulfillment. . . .

"This beyond doubt is a glorious destiny, far more in keeping with the aims of our people than the triumph of armies or the conquest of wider domain. Nor is it an impossible destiny, provided we exemplify in our national life 'the principles of reasonable liberty and of Christian civilization.' . . .

"Though men are divided into various nationalities by reason of geographical position or historical vicissitude, the progress of civilization facilitates intercourse and, normally, brings about the exchange of good offices between people and people. War, for a time, suspends these friendly relations; but eventually it serves to focus attention upon them and to emphasize the need of readjustment. Having shared in the recent conflict, our country is now engaged with international problems and with the solution of these on a sound and permanent basis. Such a solution, however, can be reached only through the acceptance and application of moral principles. Without these, no form of agreement will establish the order of the world. . . .

"The growth of democracy implies that the people shall have a larger share in determining the form, attributions, and policies of the government to which they look for the preservation of order. It should also imply that the calm, deliberate judgment of the people, rather than the aims of the ambitious few, shall decide whether, in case of international disagreement, war be the only solution. Knowing that the burdens of war will fall most heavily on them, the people will be slower in taking aggressive measures. . . .

"One of the most effectual means by which states can assist one another, is the organization of international peace. The need of this is more generally felt at the present time when the meaning of war is so plainly before us. In former ages also, the nations realized the necessity of compacts and agreements whereby the peace of the world would be secured. The success of these organized efforts was due, in large measure, to the influence of the Church. The position of the Holy See and the office of the Sovereign Pontiff as Father of Christendom, were recognized by the nations as powerful factors in any undertaking that had for its object the welfare of all. A 'Truce of God' was not to be thought of without the Vicar of Christ; and no other truce could be of lasting effect. The Popes have been the chief exponents, both by word and act, of the principles which must underlie any successful agreement of this nature. Again and again they have united the nations of Europe, and history records the great services which they rendered in the field of international arbitration. . . .

"The unbroken tradition of the Papacy with respect to international peace, has been worthily continued to the present by Pope Benedict XV. He not only made all possible efforts to bring the recent war to an end, but was also one of the first advocates of an organization for the preservation of peace. In his Letter to the American People on the last day of the year, 1918, the Holy Father expressed his fervent hope and desire for an international organization, 'which by abolishing conscription will reduce armaments, by establishing international tribunals will eliminate or settle disputes, and by placing peace on a solid foundation will guarantee to all independence and equality of rights.' These words reveal the heart of the Father whose children are found in every nation. That they were not then heeded or even rightly understood, is but another evidence of the degree to which the passions aroused by the conflict had warped the judgment of men. But this did not prevent the Pontiff from intervening in behalf of those who were stricken by the fortunes of war, nor did it lessen his determination to bring about peace. To him and to his humane endeavor, not Catholics alone, but people of all creeds and nationalities, are indebted for the example of magnanimity which he gave the whole world during the most fateful years of its history."

Shall American Catholics forget or ignore the authoritative teaching of their duty set before them by the head of their church and by their own bishops? Surely not. A practical measure to prove their desire for peace has now been proposed. It may or may not be the best method now available. We ask our readers to express their views.

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THE COMMONWEAL

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WEEK BY WEEK

IN our comments last week on the Supreme Court decision in the Oregon school case, we quoted editorial utterances from the New York newspapers in which that decision was welcomed in the strongest terms as a re-affirmation of the fundamental principles of the American nation. We stated our opinion that the responsible and respectable American press everywhere could be trusted to speak in similar terms. In confirmation of this well-grounded trust, we think it opportune to bring to the attention of our readers typical utterances from a number of important papers throughout the country. No more important decision of the Supreme Court has been handed down in recent times than this, and it is well, for the sake of the record, and for the needful stressing of its importance, that at the risk of some repetition we should give our readers this general view of the editorial mind in connection with this momentous event. We are indebted to the News Service of the National Catholic Welfare Conference for this digest of national opinion. The N. C. W. C. states that—"No important paper, so far as can be ascertained, has expressed dissatisfaction with the ruling of the High Court."

"IN other words this nation is not Sparta," is the way the Chicago Tribune editorially summed up its reaction to the Supreme Court decision. "It is not a Socialist experiment. In spite of our tendency to turn to government for the regulation of all conduct that is not approved by a majority of us, or by a well organized minority when the majority is indifferent; there are still principles of individual liberty which our legislators are bound to respect." The Baltimore Sun's reaction to the decision is—"As a solemn warning against the grave menace of certain political, moral and religious epidemics that have been spreading through various parts of the country in recent years, it is in the highest degree impressive and admirable. Any other decision would have been revolutionary. No other decision could have been rendered without dealing a deadly blow to the principles on which our government is based, without adding a final nail to the coffin of freedom which fanatical tyranny has been fashioning since the close of the world war." Arthur Brisbane, in his daily column of comment in the Hearst papers, says the decision will meet with general approval and adds: "Fathers and mothers should have something to say about their own children, the mothers especially. And the 'something' should include children's schooling, the right to include in it as much religion, and any kind of religion, as they choose." The Pittsburgh Gazette declares—"The Oregon school law which the Supreme Court yesterday struck down as unconstitutional would, had it been affirmed, have proved a long step in the direction of state tyranny subversive of the popular liberty which our form of government was designed to secure. . . . Our system of government was devised to afford freedom from tyrannical official control of the people. The liberty granted unfortunately degenerated in many respects into license as detrimental to the public welfare as the condition it was sought to cure. Now we are witnessing the logical reaction against this. We must be careful not to destroy legitimate liberties in stamping out intolerable abuses."

GOING further west for opinions, the Minneapolis Tribune is found to be in hearty agreement with the principles enunciated in the decision against the Oregon law. "The decision goes to the heart of the issue with the simple declaration that the law is invalid because it does not comport with the written and implied principles of American liberty," the Minnesota paper says. "The Supreme Court as such is not interested in religion or religious denominations. It is concerned with the law—whether it comports with or departs from the fundamentals of the organic charter. The will of the Oregon voters did not square with the will of those who wrote and ratified the Constitution, and so it is overthrown." In the opinion of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, "the decision upholds a cherished right. It is sound in Americanism and common sense. It does no violence to the institution of free education and the public school. It sets the wrong-headed people of a wrong-headed state in their place. Standardized education has been defeated. A state has dared to lay impious hands upon a right never before seriously questioned and has been justly rebuked." The Ledger editorial also was printed by the New York Evening Post, another Curtis publication. Under the title—A Victory for Liberty and Tolerance, the Boston Transcript says

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of the decision—"Liberty has been restored in Oregon. The United States Supreme Court in the language of the decision written by Mr. Justice McReynolds, strikes a blow at intolerance and bigotry, not only in Oregon but everywhere else. In particular it is made clear that there are parental rights which the states cannot invade. The decision was not unexpected. The Oregon statute compelling all normal children between the ages of eight and sixteen years to attend public schools was generally and properly regarded by the right-minded as opposed to American institutions and American safeguards of the rights of minorities. It is refreshing and encouraging to read the language in which the court disposes of it."

POLITICAL arithmetic along the Danube is as much a matter of fractions as it ever was. A mystifying political romancer could not devise a chain of alliances, ruptures, economic bargains, revolutions and trade barriers more puzzling than what the statesmen of Central Europe have managed to accomplish. Austria is facing an ominous choice—living under strict dietetic laws imposed by a new League Commission, or seeking union with Germany. Either selection will not promote the general harmony and happiness, but Austria is entitled to believe her neighbor nations utterly blind to her needs, and hostile to her advancement. Hungary is just as completely isolated from the more or less coherent policies of the Little Entente. Czechoslovakia has the advantage of M. Benes's leadership. Unquestionably he has done something to promote understanding between his country and its neighbors, but he seems pledged to uphold the French policy in Central Europe and so has directed his best efforts towards cementing a union with Poland. This has led to his being seriously entangled in disputes about the German and Russian boundaries, and the wisdom of his attitude towards affairs generally, must still be proved. It remains therefore an open question whether the peoples of what was once Austria-Hungary have really profited by the dissolution of the ancient empire. A disinterested spectator sees a great many politicians but few constructive political acts; he hears much talk but not enough of the sound of productive implements; and he cannot help fearing that Central Europe, like the Balkans, has been plunged into a chaos incapable of organization. It is small wonder that under the circumstances Austria should desire affiliation with peoples who were once her associates, and in company with whom she may reasonably hope to arrive at something like a decent stability.

FOR most of us Switzerland is a country of romantic mountains, châlets, chocolate and cheese. Occasionally we also remember that it was the fatherland of William Tell, but we learn with some astonishment that it possesses a literature of great influence upon general continental art and thought. During the last generation Switzerland could boast of Gottfried Keller, one of the very greatest of modern story-tellers and a poet of exceptional geniality. Only recently it buried a poet-dramatist—Carl Spitteler—whose masterpiece equals Hardy's Dynasts in scope and surpasses it in form. Today it is honoring a novelist whose books are more and more widely recognized as significant expressions of the revival of Christian idealism in Central Europe. Heinrich Federer, whose Papst und Kaiser im Dorf has just won the great Swiss literary prize, interprets the national feeling of his country quite in the same way as Selma Lagerlöf interprets the imaginative mind of her misty, northern home. His book deals with a little village, the atmosphere and landmarks of which are charmingly picturesque, but reaches out to the fundamental human emotions and hopes. As a reaction from the German novels of Mann and Wassermann, the books of this priestly Swiss story-teller are the most welcome of literary pleasures. They also emphasize a point which is becoming more and more worthy of notice: the point that the smaller European countries, safe from the turmoil of war and the struggle to increase the budget, are doing the really great creative work of the time. Ireland with Yeats and Pearse, Denmark with Ibsen and the too little known Kierkegaard, Belgium with Verhaaren and Verschoeve, Switzerland with Keller and Federer—these are just a few indications that the student of world literature in our time cannot afford to identify political boundaries with greatness in books.

AT the commencement exercises of New York University last week, Chancellor E. E. Brown showed rare frankness in pointing out the horns of a dilemma upon which our civilization finds itself securely and apparently indefinitely impaled. In justice to Chancellor Brown it must be admitted that he made no very strenuous attempt to seize the animal by its horns. It is probably out at pasture now, and will so continue until another commencement sees it driven, for exhibition purposes, into the scholastic bull-pen. The theme, as may be guessed, was the conflict between the efficiency which "our modern standard of living requires," and the liberty "which the modern soul demands." "How can a democracy," asks the Chancellor, "continue to be democratic in their political life, and autocratic in their industrial life?"

THE answer is that it can't. The dilemma is a perfect one—that is to say, one incapable of solution so long as both premises are maintained. It is no more to be solved (outside the sphere of relativity) than the circle is to be squared or two parallel lines joined. Perfect efficiency can never be attained on earth, however insistently "our modern standard" demands it. It goes to pieces on the factor of human

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nature, with its demand for leisure and self-expression, its uneven capacity for effort, the swing of its diastole into an obscure and occult realm where organization cannot follow it. Periods during which it was attained may seem to have existed. But it will be found on examination that they were followed by a period of waste and "let-down" which averages things up to what human nature can bear. The conception of a disciplined community organized for maximum production haunts some imaginations, generally those of men upon whom economic necessity has ceased to press; and the vision of a Utopia free of all ungrateful rules and laws haunts others, generally those of men upon whom it presses too hardly. For the rest of us, there seems to be no course but to make the matter one of individual choice and of personal scale of values. Our escape from the dilemma if we are wise, will not be to the "middle ground," which Chancellor Brown foresees and plants with a crop of pious incompatibilities, but to a "higher ground" stored with treasure that does not deteriorate, and with joys that even a reforming and autocratic state cannot take away.

IN connection with the article printed elsewhere in this number calling on American Catholics to organize a conference or a society to study the great problems of international relations, in the light of the Christian principles laid down by the Church, the following remarks by Senator Henrik Shipstead, made in the course of an address on the Christianity of Politics, are well worth considering. Senator Shipstead has the reputation of being a "radical." His remarks indicate that on this subject anyhow he is indeed radical in that truest sense of the word, which means going to the roots of things. In his address, the Senator traced the influence on politics (in the widest, Aristotelian meaning of that noble word which today has become degraded) of the teachings of Christ that "there is one God, that all men are His children and that He knows of no distinction between those children."

"MANY have been hasty in concluding," Senator Shipstead said, "from baseless ideas of the present condition of the world following the great war, that Christianity has proven a failure. But, as a matter of fact, Christianity never has been tried seriously and consecutively for any length of time, in international relations or in industrial relations one with the other. Yet if we look deep into the fabric of the social structure, we find that Christianity has had a profound effect upon the status of a citizen in relation to his government. In the time of Christ, 90 percent of humanity were slaves either economically or by law. The 10 percent who were free, also owned and controlled the government. The Carpenter of Nazareth came to preach the revolutionary doctrine that all men were children of the same one Divine Creator, and therefore brothers, and consequently equal before God. In such parts of the world as have accepted the principles of the crucified Nazarene, there are no longer any legal slaves. Christian teaching has steadily brought about a change in the relation of men to each other, and the relation of man to God. Humanity has sought to extend the application of this truth. It has sought to transfer and, to some slight extent, it has transferred the lesson of man's relation to God, to man's relation to man, and people's relation to people. The great work yet remains. We may be sure that Christianity is not dead or dying. Christianity will complete its work in the political field, and then transform business and the industrial field in its own image."

"WHAT are the applications of this lesson? There are two in particular among the many to which I wish especially to call your attention. First, there is this question—Upon what principle shall our domestic affairs, municipal, state, and national be shaped and guided? And the second question which presents itself is this—what is the Christian basis for the conduct of international relations, and specifically, for the management of the foreign affairs of the United States? Considering quite briefly the first point, we are led to wonder whether all that science and mechanical progress, due to specialization and discovery, could really accomplish for mankind can ever hope to be put into effect until some one sees a chance to make money out of doing so? I grant at once, of course, that remarkable and innumerable instances of self-sacrifice and humanitarian devotion have been ennobling every generation, and help to brighten and inspire our own; and I pay due deference to the high motives of philanthropists of small or large means who rightly feel themselves but the stewards of the Divine Master, and live long lives of mercy and charity. But does the attitude of the community as a whole reflect any such devotion, self-sacrifice, enlightened and humane regard for the spiritual, moral and physical well-being of others? Progress here seems to be slow."

"AGAIN we see day after day in the way in which economic and fiscal questions are dealt with, how little part the Christian motive plays in determining either the drafting, the judicial interpretation, or the enforcement of our laws. The Christian willingness to share the burden, each man taking his own position, in a sense of loyal and confident devotion to public duty, is shamefully lacking in this respect. Tax evasion, great and small, is too common in this country for us to grumble about its occurrence elsewhere; and what is tax evasion but an un-Christian and cowardly flight from civic duty? So too, with our public control, and legal management of great enterprises; we permit the looting of great railroads, and other public services, without protecting the proper interests of all concerned; we allow the manipulation on a scale of gigantic audacity of commodity-markets in which the very food of millions is

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made the plaything of speculators. Again, the Christian principle, the well rounded, universally, applicable teaching of the Nazarene, is not applied. . . . We have, in short, all too large a population bent merely upon diversion, distraction, self-aggrandizement, the gratification of ambition, the vain trappings of this life."

THE death of Thomas Marshall, formerly Vice-President, has called forth in his native Indiana—and to a lesser extent throughout the Union—an expression of genuinely profound regret. Tom Marshall, as everybody called him, was not a great man but he was an excellent average man. There was a definite and abiding Hoosier flavor about his doings and sayings—a note that smacked of the Wabash and the simple, neighborly folks who lived there during the years which focused on the Spanish-American war. Sometimes he said very good things about thrift and civic honesty, and rather frequently he let himself be called upon to assure young people both that education is the finest thing in the world, and that American education is supreme among educations. His political life was characterized by a liberalism which deplored hasty actions and sudden changes, which liked to have things go on in their usual way, but which rather relished being thought progressive. Mr. Marshall was everything Mr. Wilson was not; and he may be marked in history because of the easy contrast he affords to his superior executive. The one was an agreeable gentleman who didn't like to be bothered by problems which the folks back home hadn't settled ages ago—the other was a builder, a seeker after new ways, a dictator. There was an unfortunate moment in Tom Marshall's life when he permitted himself to be deluded as to the purpose and value of a certain secretive organization. He uttered a few sentences which people are scarcely going to forget soon, but which in all charity ought not to be remembered. For Marshall was really tolerant—his life and public career were little else than an expression of tolerance.

THERE has passed away from the scene of active life a figure that for nearly fifty years has stood for dignity and high ethical standards in our daily press. Mr. James Luby of the Sun, and the New York Evening Sun, was a native of Dublin, Ireland—a product of her primary schools. Coming at the age of fourteen to America, he was graduated in 1877 from the College of the City of New York, and immediately inducted into the mysteries, industries and craftsmanships of newspaperdom. He was typical of his class and of his time; a man of practical mind, and scholarly inclination; a bookman, a journalist and a good citizen. The Commonweal was proud to enlist his services in its general expression on the events of the day—Mr. Luby was Catholic-minded with a deep sense of non-Catholic feeling—he respected his adversaries in every contention of opinion and held firm to his personal principles to the very end. The Commonweal wishes him the repose of the soldier who has fought the good fight, and entered the peace of the Vineyard.

THE ALLIED NOTE

THE Allied note to Germany makes the evacuation of Cologne dependent upon a great many things. Upon that evacuation a number of other things depend in turn—the definite evacuation of the Ruhr, the abandonment of French plans to annex the Rhineland, the acceptance of the Security Pact, and perhaps even the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. The magnitude and importance of these contingencies is such that for all practical purposes the peace of Europe during the next ten years would seem to be, or not to be, in accordance with the German reply. We Americans cannot therefore await the outcome with indifference. Upon what is done in Wilhelmstrasse will depend, for instance, the success of the Dawes Plan and the refunding of the Allied debts.

How are the Germans likely to be affected by the note? In the first place, a severe blow is dealt in asking for the destruction of the general staff so painstakingly and cunningly organized by General von Seckt. French writers of the most divergent political schools have united in paying so horror-stricken a tribute to the efficiency and cleverness of von Seckt that a trusting reader might well imagine a Napoleon had arisen in Prussia. But it is also true that the Germans themselves have often whispered happily over the prospect of having a shadowy system of Haupt-commandos as neatly organized as a Vuitton trunk. The arrangement simply will not look like a pacifistic manœuvre and should be abrogated. In the second place, the Allies request the disbanding of patriotic societies which are known to have received military training. We are inclined to doubt that these societies create a greater militaristic menace than the Reserve Officers' Training Camps in the United States—or possibly even the Elks on parade—but doubtless they do prevent the lapse of German manhood into a supine horde resembling Chinamen of fifty years ago. In the third place, there is a series of stipulations with reference to factories and laboratories alleged to be dealing with material that might be serviceable in war. These stipulations are difficult to carry out, and it is at least an open question whether tampering with Krupp manufactures may not, as the Germans allege, seriously interfere with the success of the Dawes Plan.

Political issues of vast importance will be settled in accordance with the German reaction to what is said by the Allied note on these three topics. But though we suppose the von Hindenburg government amenable to all the Anglo-French suggestions, it is not difficult to see that, as Le Correspondant of Paris admits, the future will be the fruit of a state of mind—a willing-

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ness on the part of Germany to abide by the results of 1918, and to harbor neither resentment nor ambition. This willingness appears much more substantially guaranteed by the Security Pact urged by the German government itself, than by insistence upon disarmament details, some of which really do seem to have been dictated by commercial rivalry rather than by fear of combat in the field. The average American wishes to see France safe from aggression; he is opposed to the restoration of the German military force; but he is beginning to feel that these legitimate desires are being used as levers to support fairytales about Teutonic gases, and to curb industries upon which Central Europe depends for the payment of its obligations.

MOVING THE MOUNTAIN

THE man who switches on the electric lamp and settles down for a quiet evening's reading is becoming of vast economic importance. To the extent of some two million of him, he is acquiring the ownership of the public utilities of the United States—of the company that supplies gas to his wife's range and the company that kindles his own reading lamp. He looms large with unmeasured possibilities.

He is the product of many carefully worked out plans of "customer ownership"—plans first tried out some twenty years ago but which gathered real momentum about 1914. First of all—so it has been analyzed—he is a new source of investment funds. As an individual, he is a small investor, but in the aggregate a large one. In the state of New York, for example, he has more than $4,000,000,000 residing in modest savings accounts.

In the second place, as the journal of a prominent trust company recently pointed out, if he becomes a customer owner he will, as a citizen "be much more inclined to support the company's cause in questions concerning rates, taxes, and the like, when he recognizes interests in common between the utility and himself."

The cynical might pounce on this as evidence that customer ownership is no more than a concealed form of exerting political pressure. But why not take a more common-sense and constructive view? The future is a long time to think about, and in that time if the present momentum increases, the question of public against private ownership, or of public regulation against freedom of private management, will inevitably dissolve before the bold fact that the private owners and the political public are one and the same.

At the present moment, the electric and gas utilities are owned by about 2,000,000 persons. This means that already nearly a tenth of the families composing the United States are part owners of the gas and light companies, and they make up nearer a fifth of the families actually using gas or electric service. Of the new capital furnished last year for the extension of electric service, nearly one fifth—or $194,200,000—came from customers direct. And this is taking place only eleven years since the movement got under way.

Here is a story of vast economic change, of forces, working toward unity and accord, more powerful than all the labored theories of reformers who would throw everything into the hands of overburdened and incompetent government. A mountain is being moved before our eyes—and that mountain is the man who switches on the lamp, the better to read his evening paper.

CHURCH UNITY

THE resumption of the informal Malines conferences on Church Unity, under the auspices of Cardinal Mercier, is a significant spiritual event. It indicates at any rate that Anglicans of high standing consider it profitable to discover what well-informed Catholics think and say; that a spirit of genuine friendship and candor prevails; and that good men see the infinite opportunity for achievement which would come to a Christendom united once again. The vital question of Church Unity has been given more careful attention in Europe than in America, probably because the European sense of history—especially of church history—is better developed than ours. Perhaps no study of the problem has more breadth and honesty than the "inquiry" set afoot by Les Lettres, under the general supervision of the Abbé Calvet, and contributed to by competent writers in all parts of the world. Some weeks ago the Abbé summed up the findings of this "inquiry" in a way which we believe deserves attention.

He pointed out first of all, that though circumstances may indicate here and there a great desire for unification with the central historical Church, these circumstances must not be unduly emphasized or made to serve as premises for precarious deductions. The heart of the matter is this—the great schisms were almost all brought about by inconsequential causes, but the passing of time has firmly fixed them in traditional forms which are difficult to break up. Indeed, the difficulty is so great that those who dream of Church Unity on a grand scale are often subject to fantastic hopes and embittered discouragements. The forces which divide Christendom into fractions, says the Abbé, "are closely interwoven with what is probably the most powerful cause of alienation between social groups—the nationalistic politics of separate peoples.

One of the beneficent services of Catholicism is its curtailment of the demands and violences of nationalism: but if the Church herself must often enter the particular political life of a nation in whose midst she recruits her faithful, how much more definitely must a national church be vitally concerned with political situations. Indeed, it could be extricated from them only by a miracle. It is therefore impossible to study the Christian churches and the hopes for unity which can be based on certain of their actions,

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without giving close attention to the political life of the corresponding states and to the social necessities imposed by a political tradition many hundred years old. Let us be on our guard against irritation and astonishment when some of our separated brethren tell us that Church Unity is almost as much of a political problem as it is a spiritual problem."

The point is well worth weighing by those who regard Church Unity with the serious attentiveness it deserves. When Bossuet was debating the religious differences between France and Germany with Leibnitz, the latter was ordered by his government to discontinue the discussion. If in our own time the churches of Asia Minor are considering, at least theoretically, joining hands with the Anglican establishment, their point of view is not so unintelligent as it may seem. England is the only power in the Orient which could ward off from the distressed churches of the Near East the brutal Turkish attacks which stunt and even destroy spiritual life. If there were no other reason why the Catholic Church should reaffirm and vitalize anew its supra-political mission among the peoples of the earth, the evangelical duty of opening the door to harassed schismatic bodies would be an amply sufficient cause.

This is an age when the Russian Orthodox communion must be restored out of its ruins; when Indian mystical movements are earnestly looking abroad for a firm Christian leadership; and when, almost everywhere, peoples who had once decided to go their spiritual ways alone are groping back to the central city from which they once set out.

KHOJA, THE JOKE-MAKER

THE Young Turks having placed their special form of fez on the head of every smart Moslem, be he of Turkey, Persia, Arabia or Africa, and having failed to induce their women-folk generally to abandon their highly insalubrious face-veils and mouth mufflers, have at least shown to the world that they have a sense of humor in permitting the publications of the numerous tales, aphorisms and accompanying folklore of Khoja Nasr-ed-Din.

Not having toured very extensively in the back towns of Anatolia, we may be excused from pen pictures of Konia and Angora—where the goats and cats come from—but our home-loving hearts may hail with joy the American traveler who has started to restore the tomb of Nasr-ed-Din (without disturbing, we trust, with more than a whisp-broom, the great green turban that has hung like an umbrella and gathered dust over the tomb sacred to humor for so many centuries).

Legend or history, Khoja, the master, left little to the recorder save the fact that he was cadi of his village and was appointed court-jester to the invading despots of the family of Ghengis-Khan. But the number of jokes and tricks that have been fathered upon him would exhaust any Francis Wilson, De Wolfe Hopper, or later born comedian of our comic opera. Think of the riot at a medical fraternity dinner, if one of our youthful Chauncey Depews would quote the Khoja's famous piece of domestic witticism—"The sum of medical science is to keep your feet warm, your head cool, be careful what you eat and drink, and do not think too hard."

It has been suggested that the Khoja also inaugurated the mother-in-law joke, but this hardly accords with the reports of our Egyptologists and paleontologists. It seems, however, that one of his several mother-in-laws fell into the river and he came to pick up the body and started to walk up the stream. "The other way," shouted his friends until he answered—"Not at all—she was so perverse she did everything upside down!" Crossing this same river in a boat with two of his wives he was importuned to confess to them which one he would rescue if the boat turned over. He looked from one to the other and asked the older lady—"I think you swim a little, my dear, don't you?"

Some very raw humors have been fixed upon his shoulders, so pungent, some of them, that until twenty years ago the Turkish censors refused the license to publish them. Comparatively harmless ones passed from mouth to mouth such as his asking for spectacles to sleep in, so his dreams might see better. On another day he goes shabbily dressed to a wedding feast and is poorly received—he hurries back home, gets a fine coat and a fine reception at the table on his return, and says—"Eat, Sir Coat, the invitation was for you." He was also something of a scientist, for he bought a piece of meat for his cat—a real Angora—of exactly the same weight as his shaggy pet. After the cat had devoured the meat it weighed exactly the same. "If it is the cat," he asks, "where is the meat? If it is the meat, where is the cat?" A friend interested in horoscopes asked him under what constellation he was born. He answered—"Under the lamb." Didn't he mean the Ram?—"Well, it was forty years since he was born and the lamb had no doubt grown up by this time."

Perhaps Mr. Crane, the American restorer of his tomb, has been specially attracted by the national character of the tale of Nasr-ed-Din who, when he was invited out to a fine dinner, took the habitual chewing-gum from his mouth and stuck it at the end of his nose, remarking—"Poor people should always keep an eye on their property."

When he died Khoja directed that a small window be left open at the side of his tomb: this was done, and adown the centuries the persistent humorist has had to listen to his best stories improved and spoiled, purloined and falsely attributed, with bad jokes foisted upon him, with modern comedians stealing his best lines. We can imagine him lying in his American-restored tomb, saying, in his dead language—"If I were only alive, I would get out of here!"

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AN APPEAL TO AMERICAN CATHOLICS

By J. ALBERT HALDI

PEACE and security continue to be the absorbing questions in the minds of European statesmen. Five years of experimenting with various expedients have seemingly brought the world but little nearer to the solution of the problem of world peace. It would be a mistake, however, to charge the nations of Europe with insincerity in their professed efforts toward securing a permanent international peace. True, here and there are found individuals of the aggressive type, who play upon the fears of the people by taking domestic security as the theme of their declamations, and thereby arousing a feeling of hostility against neighboring nations. Nevertheless, "no one can travel through Europe," writes Father Leslie Walker (and this seems to be the correct estimate of the present mind of Europe) "without recognizing the broad fact that everywhere, and in all grades of society, it is the desire to live in peace and harmony that prevails." The grim memories of war are still vivid in the minds of the people and give, by way of contrast, the true evaluation to the manifold blessings of peace.

Notwithstanding the genuine desire for peace, the situation in Europe today may be described in the apt phrase of Professor Zuluetta as one of "chaotic goodwill." Serious obstacles of far-reaching consequence obstruct a guarantee of peace—mutual distrust and suspicion, traditional and deep-rooted animosity, reminiscences of over four years of war, commercial rivalry and a nervous fear of national insecurity. The report made some months ago by the American fellowship group under the auspices of For a Christian Social Order, remains substantially unaltered—

> The international situation is still exceedingly dangerous. The acceptance of the Dawes Plan has improved things considerably, but it is only a beginning of the solution of the complex and perilous problems that threaten the peace of Europe. Five years of bloodshed, and five years of chaos, have created a vast chasm between many of the nations of Europe. Suspicion, fear and bitterness are prevalent everywhere. . . . The question of war-guilt is of far greater importance than is generally realized in America. Most Frenchmen regard it as axiomatic that Germany deliberately planned the war. In England there is an increasing tendency to admit that Germany was not alone guilty, but that the war was caused by economic imperialism, militarism, excessive nationalism, secret diplomacy, and the lack of international machinery to deal with the sources of friction; and that all the nations were involved in these practices.

It is gratifying to observe that the reaction pendulum in America is becoming adjusted, and that American sentiment is awakening to a sense of international obligations. Modern inventions have rendered almost insignificant the distance that separates Europe from America. Only the most complete blindness would close our eyes to the fact that our destinies are interwoven with those of Europe. Furthermore, our social conscience is beginning to recognize the obligations of charity that are incumbent upon a nation. America, with her countless resources, cannot be indifferent to the distress of Europe.

It is these considerations that have given the inspiration to the laudable efforts that are being made by groups of prominent citizens to create an "international machinery to deal with the sources of friction," and to bring about an amicable understanding among nations. Many of the original advocates of the League of Nations are still zealously laboring to realize their ideal in the hope that it will become an effective instrument of peace. International conferences have been planned and called by the United States government, and still others are under consideration. A number of our statesmen are agitating the foundation of a world court. An endowment of $1,000,000 is under way for the Johns Hopkins University in honor of former Ambassador Page, the proceeds of which will provide for research studies in international relations, while throughout the country a number of societies have been established for the promotion of world peace.

Is not the moment opportune for Catholics in America to set on foot an organized movement for the same purpose? The membership of the Church in this country is estimated to be approximately 20,000,000. These are united with more than 300,000,000 throughout the various countries of the world, by the bond of a common faith and a common liturgy. All are in direct communication through their respective bishops with one spiritual head. What infinite potentialities for the furtherance of mutual understanding among nations should not one expect to find in such an organization!

Catholics in Europe have been much more active than in America toward the promotion of world peace. The Union Catholique d'Etudes Internationales of Fribourg, the International Catholic League of Graz, and the Ligue Apostolique of Brussels are Catholic societies created expressly for the purpose of promoting international peace. The Pax Romana, an international society of Catholic students, which met last year at Budapest, is engaged in the same mission.

Of particular interest are the recent developments along this line in England. Under the patronage of Cardinal Bourne, a conference was convened in Reading, October 12-15, 1923, to consider the responsibilities of the Catholic citizen in his national and in-

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ternational relations. The following sentence is taken from a summary of the conference proceedings—

> The promoters of the conference, viewing with concern the lawless and desperate condition of Europe, and believing it to be their duty as Catholics to respond, as far as they were able, to the appeals addressed to his children by the Holy Father on several occasions, to labor with him for the restoration of a lasting peace, set forth their intentions very fully in a letter addressed to him, and received in return a very cordial blessing upon their program.

The outcome of the conference was the appointment of a committee which, meeting on December 11, 1923, decided to advise the formation of a permanent and representative body among Catholics in England and Wales, and drew up the following for the submission to the hierarchy—

> That the objects of the scheme be to enable Catholics more effectively to follow the leadership of the Holy Father in general in his endeavor to establish the "Peace of Christ in Christ's Kingdom," and in particular to promote among them the study of the application of Catholic principles of morality to relations between nations; the value and shortcoming, for this purpose, of existing international institutions; the extent of the citizen's responsibility for the conduct of his country's foreign policy, and the fulfillment of her international obligations; and to render effective the convictions formed by such study.

This scheme received the approbation of the archbishops and bishops of England and Wales. In consequence, the Catholic Council for International Relations was permanently established. In order to give a comprehensive idea of the purposes of this council, we shall quote at some length from the minutes of the meeting held on June 19, 1924—

> This council resolves to constitute, from among those present, sections to whom questions submitted to it will be referred for examination and action when required, with the following general terms of reference—Moral and legal section, to consider the application of the principles of natural law and Christian charity to international problems of the day, and to give an advisory opinion upon the moral and legal aspect of any action which the council may propose to take or to advocate in the international sphere. International politics and economics section, to examine immediate political and economic issues of international importance, and, after duly ascertaining the desires of the Holy See through the President of the Council, to recommend to the executive committee the action which it should take. Educational section, to assist and encourage the societies represented in organizing conferences, lectures and study circles; and to take all such other measures as are necessary, with episcopal permission, to educate Catholic opinion upon subjects relating to international morality and upon the objects of the council; and to acquaint as far as possible the general public with the Church's teaching upon these matters. Publication (or editorial) section, to consider and promote the publication of literature of both an advanced and popular character upon the law of nations, the international duties of Christian charity and the bearing of scholastic philosophy upon current problems, and to arrange for selected articles by Catholic writers of different countries to appear in Catholic and secular periodicals.

It would seem from the report given by the London Tablet (April 4, 1925) of the general meeting of the Catholic Council for International Relations, held the week previous in London, that the council has become associated with the League of Nations. From a careful perusal of the proceedings however, one can see that the council is not entangled in any kind of political alliance. Captain John Eppstein has assured the writer that "the Catholic Council for International Relations has no organic connection whatever with the League, or the League of Nations Union."

Americans should endeavor to appreciate the position of the citizens of those nations that are members of the League of Nations. The Catholic Council of England in its proceedings merely emphasizes the moral obligations incumbent upon that nation by virtue of its membership in the League. The following quotation is taken from the council's proceedings—

> The council . . . ventures to emphasize the following points—This association of states is a humanly devised instrument, valuable as a means of applying divinely ordained principles of morality, but by its nature imperfect and dependent upon the right intentions and constant effort of its member-states for improvement and success. Its existence or non-existence does not alter the fact that states are subject to the unchanging moral law. That this requires of them in any case the recognition of the following duties, arising from the solidarity of mankind—Collaboration for the maintenance of peace; the reference of disputes to judicial or arbitral settlement, if a competent court be available, before any recourse to force; the resort to war only in self-defense, or by charitable intervention, in the defense of another state against unjust aggression, or to right a grave injustice when every peaceful attempt at restitution has been refused; frank and honest dealing and the faithful observance of promises; government, whether of "minorities," "subject peoples," or "backward races," for the good of the governed and for no other purpose; coöperation for the suppression of social injustices of an international character. But these requirements of natural law are explicitly or implicitly recognized in the Covenant of the League and its complementary conventions—these positive treaty obligations the states-members are, therefore, bound in justice to discharge.

Cardinal Bourne, in an address delivered at the general conference held in London the last week of April, declared that the office of the council is to study questions "regarding which the moral law is clear, but to which the application of the moral law is by no means as clear as we might wish." He continued—

> The object of the council then, is to build up—in union with similar bodies in other countries—a movement for the study of those problems on the solution of which we have to depend upon certain deductions from the general

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principles which have already been taught over and over again by the Holy See. Entirely new contingencies have arisen. New nations have arisen, new theories have been thought out for the adjustment of the relations of the nations; and all these questions have to be reviewed in the light of the teaching of the Catholic Church, so that there may grow up a body of solidly-informed Catholic opinion with a true conception of what the relations between the nations ought to be.

It is evident that the fundamental raison d'être of the Catholic Council for International Relations is to influence and mold public opinion. Under present-day forms of government, public opinion is a tremendous factor in the determination of a nation's destinies. Lord Haldane, in an address before the American Bar Association at Montreal several years ago, developed the thesis that in social and national relations, the attitude of mind and conduct of a people are determined not so much by "law and legality on the one hand, and by the dictates of the individual conscience on the other," as by what he termed sittlichkeit. By sittlichkeit he means "those principles of conduct which regulate people in their relations to each other, and have become matter of habit and second nature at the stage of culture reached, and of which, therefore, we are not explicitly conscious." To a great extent this is true, for a person's reaction to situatons in life, his prejudices, opinions and attitude of mind are, for the most part, not the result of reason and reflection; they are more or less spontaneous—the summation of previous mental experiences. If one has been taught from his earliest years in childhood the doctrine of extreme nationalism; or if those with whom he converses, or the papers he reads, are always insisting that America should keep strictly aloof from European problems, he will acquire an attitude of mind that will prevent him from taking an interest in world-affairs. If, on the other hand, he hears the contention frequently repeated that all men are brothers of a great human family, that a nation is a "moral person" with the moral obligations of justice and charity, how different will be his dispositions!

It is upon this principle that is based the hope of success of the Catholic Council for International Relations. Public opinion must be informed in order that all law of human enactment must be based on the immutable principles of natural law, and that whether codified or not by the instruments of writing, the natural law applies with equal force to moral persons, as to the state in public transactions, as to the individual in private affairs. Disputes will naturally arise over the interpretation of the natural law as applied to nations. Who is to be the final arbiter, if not the Church commissioned by her Divine Founder to teach all nations? The pronouncements of the Church on these matters should be propagated, for in them we find explicit declarations on the moral obligations of states—the conditions of a just war and a valid treaty, the obligations of recurring to a tribunal for the settlement of a dispute, just methods in the pursuit of war, the duty of observing a treaty, and finally, the precepts of charity binding nations with no less a sanction than the precepts of justice.

The Catholic Council, by the various means proposed in its constitution, should become an influential factor in creating public opinion based on the principles of justice and charity. The Catholic citizen will be awakened to his responsibility in civic and national as well as in world-affairs. He will discuss these matters with his non-Catholic fellow-citizen. The literature at his disposal will be distributed, and thus will go on the great educative process, perhaps slow and gradual, but none the less effective. The present day is the psychological moment. When the cry of "war" is sent up, and men's passions are inflamed, it will be too late. The fact cannot be overlooked that we must reckon with the tremendous power of a monopolized press. If we are optimistic we may hope to league the daily press to the cause of peace. But at any rate we can, by our own methods, to a large extent counteract any adverse influence that might be attempted in moments of excitement. Once the public is keyed up to a sense of its responsibilities, and a correct social conscience created, the voice of the people will control the destinies of the nations.

Now I would like to address to the readers of The Commonweal the question—Should American Catholics be indifferent to their great possibilities in the promotion of world peace, while their fellow-Catholics in other countries are making such praiseworthy efforts in this direction? The Honorable Secretary of the Catholic Council for International Relations, Mr. John Eppstein, in a private communication writes as follows—

"We take a very great interest in the organization and future work of the International Office of Catholic Organization in Rome, and the International Catholic League at Zug. We have prevailed upon these two organizations to fuse, and to join in producing a draft constitution for an international Catholic federation to work for peace."

It can be readily seen how an organization in America similar to the Catholic Council in England, and affiliated with an international federation, would greatly augment the effectiveness of the Federation in securing and maintaining world peace. Is not the time ripe for such an organization in America?

The details of such a society and the methods of its administration would have to be determined by a committee appointed for this purpose, but such an organization would embody the following features—Approval by the Catholic hierarchy of America; coöperation with the Holy Father in his endeavors toward world peace; guidance in ethical matters by the ecclesiastical authorities; studies and recommendations concerning the sources of international friction made

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by prominent laymen versed in economics and the affairs of state; communication with all the existing Catholic societies; employment of various media of instruction, lectures, literature, etc.; delegates representing the society at international conferences; an endowment for financing the activities of the society.

In addition to enlisting the support and coöperation of the hundreds of Catholic societies already in existence, an effort should be made to organize "peace societies" in all the Catholic colleges and universities throughout the country, and to enroll an enthusiastic and active membership. Occasional lectures, discussions, and combined social and intellectual meetings should serve to stimulate the interest of the students. Many of these young men and women will be the world's leaders and thinkers of tomorrow.

The writer has been informed that the National Catholic Welfare Conference has now under consideration a practical plan for the furtherance of world peace. Surely the Catholics of America will coöperate wholeheartedly with the Conference in bringing about the realization of our Holy Father's most fervent wish —"to establish the peace of Christ in Christ's kingdom"—"pacem Christi in regno Christi."

PSYCHOLOGISTS' COLORED GLASSES

By E. BOYD BARRETT

(This is the first of two articles by Father Barrett, who is exchange professor of psychology at Georgetown University. The second article will appear in our next issue.—The Editors.)

ONE is free to wear colored glasses, and to describe what one sees through them. But one is likely to mislead others by such descriptions, unless one states very plainly the color of the glasses used.

All psychologists use colored glasses—some use green, some yellow, some blue, and some smoked glasses. Of late, green glasses (green being an appropriate color for biologists) are very much in vogue. Before the advent of this fashion, blue glasses were popular (blue standing for the pedantic, statistical tendency of those who loved to count and measure). Still farther back, in the old days, psychologists wore yellow glasses; they were enamored of logic—severe and ascetic. The smoked glasses are used by "behaviorists" alone—psychologists who only want to see outlines, and shadowy movements, as in a twilight.

The advent of misunderstandings was, of course, inevitable, so long as votaries of the various colors neglected to state explicitly their special tastes. All explained psychical phenomena as they saw them. All attended to different aspects. All recorded distinct and diverse observations. All were dispassionately passionate, and blindly sharp-sighted. To behold a sunset glow, to inhale the perfume of lavender, or to hear an old song, provoked different schedules of questions in the minds of each. The yellow-spectacled psychologist was concerned with the nature of the cognition gained, and the extent of its subjectivity. The blue-spectacled psychologist sought to determine the length of the reaction time and the acreage of the field of vision. The smoke-glass psychologist noted relaxation of the muscles, the distension of the nostrils, and the humidity of the eyes, as well as any spontaneous gestures that occurred. While the green-glass psychologist was above all preoccupied with the feelings and associations awakened, the impulses aroused, the autosuggestion set in play by the gradual sinking of the experiences into the subconscious—in fine, with the prospects of resultant harm or well-being.

As latest fashions are most interesting, and as green spectacles are all the rage, we shall, in this paper, put them on and glance at some human phenomena in a biological spirit.

We see men then, immersed in a struggle for life. We see in all their actions, thoughts and volitions, vital acts—pertaining to this struggle. We keep looking at the soul as the "principle of life," the vital principle, and feel less interested in her activities as the "principle of cognition." To hazard a grotesque remark, we see her in a robe of living green, and not clothed in yellow or saffron garb of epistemology and logic.

We see men acting, reacting, striking mental and physical attitudes, following the trail of habits, and we ask ourselves—"Are such activities vitally, biologically, positive or negative? Do they tend towards the well-being of the man as a whole, body and soul—or do they militate against his well-being?" Every human act and attitude is the outcome, of body and soul combined, of the living principle and the body it animates—and every such act tells for or against the well-being of the whole.

There is no such thing as pure cognition or pure volition in the concrete—there is no human act that is cognition and nothing else, or volition and nothing else. No cognition or volition is wholly independent of the body. Every cognition and volition is a vital act of the whole man. Cognition cannot be dissociated from its effects as a vital act, and may be regarded as biologically significant. Every cognition and volition is an incident in the struggle for life. And it is quite legitimate to consider even the highest mental acts as such, and to look upon them as "experiences" and factors that play their part in shaping our attitudes, and modifying our reactions and adjustments to our surroundings.

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As green-glass psychologists we are inclined to wonder why our point of view did not come into fashion sooner. Every attention was paid to Psyche when she was attired in saffron, and played her rôles as "Cognition" or "Volition." All her moods and movements were studied and analyzed. But when Psyche was clothed in a green garb, and played the rôle of "Principle of Life," little or no attention was paid her, and no one watched or studied her strange wild dances. And yet it is so profitable and interesting, and so helpful towards understanding the meaning of many illnesses and human eccentricities, to know Psyche in this rôle! For she plays on the human body as on a musical instrument. She draws from it weird melodies, frolic airs and tumultuous harmonies.

It may startle some to hear that their perfectly free acts, or high intellectual philosophizings, have to do with "adjustment to surroundings," and are "vital reactions!" They would admit, though perhaps with some reluctance, that drinking coffee, or taking a constitutional, might be so spoken of. But how absurd to say that reading Einstein, or solving a chess problem has to do with biology!

And yet, if we keep our green spectacles on, and meditate on the student of Einstein or the chess fiend, we shall see very clearly that the activity of each is an adjustment to life. Let us dwell on the case of the former. He finished his supper at eight o'clock. He read the papers, smoked, chatted, and ten o'clock arrived. The thought came to his mind—"now for Einstein." He was pleased or displeased at the arrival of this thought. He felt eager for the work, or disinclined. There was an impulse or urge of some kind, and a counter-urge. Some mental uncertainty, a swinging of the balance, an internal see-saw, a momentary dis-equilibrium occurred. The urge had to be satisfied or effectually inhibited. Something had to be done—an adjustment had to be reached—and he went to his library and began to read Einstein. Or perhaps it did not fall out so. When he heard the clock strike ten, mechanically, almost unconscious of what he was doing, he went to his library and began to read. But even in this case we see that his conduct was an adjustment. Some psychic force stirred in him that set him in action, and led him to the library. That vital force had to have an outlet—it had to be resolved in action. The action was the adjustment. And so in all we do, even in philosophizing, there is a play of inner forces, impulses and motives. The resultant is the adjustment and solution of the conflict.

All this explanation seems at first sight banal and unimportant, but later on its extraordinary significance will be seen when we come to study those strange abnormal states, and those most bizarre types of conduct that men resort to.

One man flies from home and takes to the road as a tramp; another goes out at night and sets fire to houses and barns of friends and enemies alike; another goes about stealing perfectly useless things; another turns his back on his family and gambles, or drinks, or takes morphine, or commits suicide. Another becomes melancholic. Another gets obsessed with the idea that he is haunted, or hunted, or unjustly deprived of vast estates. Another develops a hysterical paralysis and stays in bed—and so on, until the whole gamut of abnormal modes of life are described.

It may be asked—Why do we regard such strange types of conduct, and such strange mental states and maladies as reactions and adjustments? What do we mean by this language? To answer, let us turn to the field of medicine. A person gets infected with some noxious bacilli. Temperature rises, and a tumor is formed. Leucocytes multiply in the blood, and there is fever and sweating. Now, the fever and the tumor and the super-abundance of leucocytes are called symptoms. They indicate the resistance that the body is offering to the progress of the disease. They show that the body is reacting healthily. They are the defense the body is putting up. Their presence renders life possible. They represent the adjustment the body makes under the conditions in which it finds itself.

Let us turn now to mental matters. Let us take an example—that of a man who suffers from a sense of inferiority. He feels that he is looked down upon. He feels he is a failure. He suffers acutely, and the idea of his worthlessness begins to be intolerable. He seeks for relief, for "compensation." Then "compensation" begins. He becomes critical, and reviles the world—thus indirectly glorifying himself. He has recourse more and more to self-praise. He becomes abnormal. Praecox symptoms appear. He says he is the "King of Spain." He has developed a delusion that saves or defends him from his sense of inferiority. He has now, in his delusion, an adjustment. His mental malady is his reaction. It makes life possible for him. He now faces life fairly contentedly as the King of Spain!

We could instance hundreds of types of abnormality, from wanderlust to kleptomania, and from obsession to amnesia, that bear evidence to the same conscious and unconscious human tendency towards finding an adjustment.

The particular form that the adjustment takes is due to past experiences and more or less hidden tendencies. The praecox patient hits upon the idea "King of Spain," apparantly by chance. But nothing happens by chance in the psychical world. It was not by chance that his sense of inferiority becomes so deep and troubling. Early experiences had to do with that. It belongs to genetic psychology to trace the development of the symptom and to explain the form it takes. An infantile fixation on the father, and a sub-conscious identification with him, may have been the origin of the idea "King of Spain." A full understanding of

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his past would unfold the causes of his neurosis to any practical psychoanalyst.

When we say that a full understanding or unraveling of past experiences shows the causes of such symptoms, or of such modes of behavior, we must not be misunderstood. If every element of every abnormal conduct and of every crime was genetically explicable in this sense, there would be no room for freedom of the will. Only prejudiced and unscientific psychologists however rule out freedom. In analysis, one encounters elements of conduct that defy genetic explanation. In a crime, say of murder, many elements are justifiably explained along the lines of genetic psychology. The tendency to murder a young girl rather than a young man; the type of the killing, strangulation; the time and place chosen; the manner of treating the corpse after the murder; all of these elements may be explicable. But the ultimate element present at the moment of decision (for we are supposing that the murderer was sane) the element of free deliberate choice to do the act, is completely beyond the scope of genetic psychology. In fact, it is and always will be, absolutely impossible for observational psychologists, or experimental psychologists to disprove freedom of the will, or to explain every element of conduct on deterministic lines.

MODERN SWEDISH ARCHITECTURE

By NILS HAMMARSTRAND

THE Scandinavian countries, to which we may add Finland, will not disappoint a visitor in quest of fresh and stimulating architectural impressions. About thirty-five years ago Sweden already attracted attention in another branch of art, that of painting. Swedish painters cultivated the national motives with a freshness and coloristic vigor, an individualistic strength and breadth of treatment never before seen in their national art. It was an artistic discovery of the native soil under the impulse of French impressionism. The intensified national consciousness became manifest also in the literature. Whether "realistic" or "romantic" the new literature was expressive of a spirit of exploration in close contact with all the currents of contemporary life and thought, and at the same time instinct with nationalistic aspiration.

The new cultural movement became all-inclusive in the nineties when Swedish architecture came under the influence of two artistic pioneers, each of them a man of marked individuality, but very different. As pioneers these two men, T. G. Clason and F. Boberg, complemented each other in a fortunate way. The former may be characterized as a conservative, the latter as a radical. But the conservatism of T. G. Clason, manifest in his attitude toward the historical styles, did not prevent his exercising a great influence on the work of his professional contemporaries. Even his earlier buildings, although reminiscent of foreign architecture, could not but command admiration, for his handling of the "styles," recreative rather than imitative, was unerring in appropriate treatment of different materials and distinguished by virile refinement of form, at once restrained, elegant and forceful. Not for many years had Sweden had an architect whose work revealed so fine a sense of proportions, so cultivated a taste in the design of details and so great an ability to attain a distinctive effect with great simplicity of line and composition.

These qualities found perhaps their highest expression in Clason's greatest monumental work, the Northern Museum in Stockholm, designed as early as about 1890. This edifice, Swedish in feeling, yet not free from reminiscences of foreign historic architecture, showed Clason on the road toward the indigenous building traditions as a source of inspiration. His subsequent work became increasingly an adaptation of the best Swedish renaissance and barocco architecture, to modern needs. It was always done in a deliberate, slightly conventional manner, according to his artistic temperament which excluded the very subjective manner of expression.

On the other hand, Boberg, a younger man who entered on the scene somewhat later, from the outset evinced a daring spirit that seemed to unite, in an unusual degree, the qualities of an architect, a sculptor and a painter. This was the reason why his work was soon characterized as being the product of "a decorative genius," and its peculiarly decorative character can not be denied. Owing to this quality Boberg has been a very fortunate creator of exhibition architecture. His first triumph in this line was the industrial hall and the gallery of art at the Nordic Exhibition in Stockholm in 1897. Perhaps a still greater success was the ensemble of buildings grouped around spacious courts which he designed for the exhibition of applied art in Stockholm in 1909. At every World's Fair in recent times, in which Sweden has taken part, Boberg has been its architect. His services were a guarantee, for he was certain to produce a building of striking effect, somewhat pompous and yet graceful, rich in color and highly imaginative in form, in brief appropriately suggestive of festivity.

His more durable productions, among which the Central Post Office in Stockholm, completed in 1904, is outstanding, exhibit the same unconventional characteristics. One feels that each of them is the expression of an unusually strong artistic individuality, capable of assimilating the most disparate impressions

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and influences into novel architectural conceptions, which sometimes display richness of ornamentation, sometimes are almost void of ornament and always are distinguished by a rare plasticity. For his very original ornamentation, Swedish nature and life have frequently furnished the motives. Occasionally the decorative forms vaguely suggest an exotic extraction, reminiscent especially of Saracenic and Indian architecture, but still more expressive of the creative power of the architect. Not always, however, were the rich decorative forms that Boberg invented well suited to the northern climate, the finely carved stone ornamentation sometimes being too frail and, in rare instances, perhaps even somewhat inconsistent with the structural qualities of the material.

Yet, such defects were entirely incidental and could not seriously affect the appreciation of Boberg's art among the younger generation of Swedish architects. They did not accept it as flawless, but could not either resist its spirit, pervaded as it was by a healthy youthfulness, erring at times, but pointing forward, because full of stimulating life and vigor. Clason, paving the way, had sown the fields. Boberg, like a Jupiter Pluvius, supplied the rain, the imaginational incentive, that brought the seeds to germination. His refreshing productions, highly characteristic, at their best, of Swedish feeling and temperament, seemed like so many protests in stone against the merely imitative, irrelevant use of the historical styles as mediums of purely extraneous architectural make-believe.

Fifteen to twenty years ago, when Clason and Boberg had given the best they had to give, Sweden began to reap the fruits of their pioneering work. The level of building in general was steadily rising. A new, fresh wind swept through Swedish architecture, and it was evident that the promise of "a good period," which the great achievement of Clason and of Boberg had given, would be fulfilled. Never before had Sweden seen so many architects of really creative talent at work at one and the same time.

It was not less important that the whole cultural life of Sweden was on an upward trend, that all the arts flourished and craftsmanship improved. Architects could count on the assistance of decorative painters and sculptors of the highest ability, and they themselves, as well as other agencies, exercised an elevating influence on the handicrafts. Moreover, manufactured building materials constantly grew better, a result due in great part to the raising of standard requirements by the architects. This is especially true of bricks for wall facing and of tiles for roofing, materials which increasingly came into vogue.

Boberg had largely utilized brick for the fronts of the Stockholm Post Office, so had Clason in one or two instances. L. T. Wahlman and C. Westman gave new and interesting demonstrations of the use of this material in the Engelbrekt Church and the House of the Society of Swedish Physicians, both in Stockholm. The Engelbrekt Church, designed by L. T. Wahlman in 1908, is decidedly one of the finest present-day examples of brick architecture, not only in Sweden, but in the whole world. Wahlman had already acquired fame through original designs for wooden country houses, which seemed strikingly new and at the same time bespoke the fact that Sweden has a fine rural building tradition. In the Engelbrekt Church he revealed the same unusual power of conception on a monumental scale. Every detail of this edifice bears witness to the inventiveness and skilful hand of its originator. Whatever the material, whether brick, natural stone, wood or iron, Wahlman always excels in treating each according to its structural properties, deriving from each a maximum of decorative effect. The whole building, ingeniously planned so that its interior appears much larger than it actually is, does not contain a single indifferent ornament. Everything has meaning, animation, life, character and beauty of form, and the conception as a whole is convincingly true in virtue of its unity.

With this amazingly beautiful creation, a true artistic embodiment of belief, devotion and reverence, Wahlman stepped into the rank of the foremost architects of the present day. As a church builder, in particular, he has no equal in Sweden and hardly anywhere else. He has proved undisputed superiority also in churches of later date, and owing to this success he was recently entrusted with drawing the plans for the new Swedish Trinity Church to be erected in the Bronx.

C. Westman, another man of striking ability, also came to the fore in the first decade of this century. Still at that time many people were wont to think of architecture in terms of more or less superfluous, nondescript ornamentation. Westman did not miss the opportunity to teach them a lesson, when the Society of Swedish Physicians asked him to furnish the plans for their new building, rather small, but representative. His idea of representative architecture proved to be a most unpretentious façade, almost entirely unadorned except for the decorative expression inherent in beautiful brick work, characteristic proportions and highly expressive fenestration. In brief, the buildings convincingly proved that Swedish architecture had been thoroughly cured of the ailments of nineteenth-century academy design.

Westman's most notable work, one of the very best buildings in Sweden, is the new Court House in Stockholm, a monumental, impressive structure of appropriately austere appearance, reflecting something of the fortress aspect characteristic of Swedish sixteenth-century castles. The resemblance, however, is merely allusive, even if sufficient to remind one of the existence of an indigenous building tradition from which present-day architecture has derived lessons as to simplicity of form and composition and craftsman-like treatment of materials.

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On the whole, Swedish architects have been fortunate in avoiding the excesses of the more extravagant "modernism," but they have not estblished a protective barrier against foreign stimulus. Among the younger generation, C. Bergstow betrays contact with modern Viennese architecture, the Otto Wagner variety, and at least in some of his buildings these impressions have been successfully assimilated. It is worthy of observation, however, that Swedish architecture as a whole, contrary to prevalent belief, has been comparatively little influenced by the very active architectural movement in Central Europe. It was not from Germany, but from Denmark, that Swedish architecture received decisive impulses in the beginning of the revival.

As in Denmark and in Germany, many recent buildings exhibit a certain kinship to neo-classic architecture. A German impulse accounts for this tendency, but its Swedish manifestations have a character of their own. Its chief exponent is T. Tengbom, the most prominent among the younger architects, who in general have followed his lead. His art is at once refined, vigorous and dexterous, as is exemplified in the Stockholm Enskilda bank, in which he gives expression to the tendencies of neo-classic architecture, in a free, original manner, not less characteristically modern than the dissimilar architectural language of Wahlman's Engelbrekt Church or Westman's Court House. The latter buildings partake of distinctive traits essential to mediaeval architecture, but it would be wholly wrong to consider them romantic in a bad sense because of this affinity, although, of course, it gives them a stamp different from that of "classic architecture."

The art of Wahlman and of Westman represents one legitimate manner of modern architectural expression, the art of Tengborn represents another, and the art of Bergstow or of Boberg a third. All of them, however different their art may be in appearance, have the common characteristics of having revived directness and simplicity of architectural conception and of having risen above the merely eclectic repetition of traditional forms, while, on the other hand, even the most radical among them have learned much from historic architecture.

T. Tengborn, E. Lallerstedt, L. T. Wahlman, and others, have not only enriched Swedish architecture with veritable art creations, they have also, as professional teachers, liberated instruction from the trammels that formerly stifled imagination. In his practical activity, Professor Lallerstedt has achieved a remarkable individual evolution, steadily progressing in amplitude of design and character of expression, most conspicuously manifest in the splendid conception of the new technical Institute of the Swedish State, his greatest work.

However, no Swedish building of the present age has become so widely observed as the new City Hall of Stockholm, completed about two years ago. Being an edifice of unusual importance and magnitude, it afforded the architect a unique opportunity, and not only he, but in fact all Sweden, may be said to have seized upon this extraordinary occasion for producing a great work of art, indeed, so great in certain respects as to be unrivalled in our time.

Here all arts and crafts have been brought into action on a magnificent scale and with a rich, harmonious and beautiful result. In the creation of this cultural landmark, its architect, R. Ostberg, was assisted by such an array of artistic genius and talent as has not in a long time been mustered in a similar enterprise. A wonderful performance architecturally and a "quality building" through and through—the new City Hall is especially significant through its artistic comprehensiveness and richly varied unity, which bears testimony to the great progress of Sweden in all branches of art. The building stands as the supreme monument of Swedish culture of the present day and is the temporary climax of a great period in Swedish architecture.

The Passage

Mournful tugs, mid smoke and spray,
Warped the liner from the quay,
England slipped from me in a day.

Past her fading cliffs, and past
Vain white arms that the old land cast:
Stars and the sea alone at last!

That first night (my shipmates slept)
Close to the cabin's side I crept,
Gazed on the dead thing I had kept:

Even as seamen use their dead,
Sheathed in canvas—sewn with thread,
Shotted hard at the feet and head.

Under the ports, where ocean plied
Whips of spume to our straining side,
I let it go to the mist and tide.

After the tempest of our grief,
It seemed so quiet an end—so brief,
Swift and sudden beyond belief.

Who hath dirged at its burial?
Gulls, that mewed at the gleam and fall,
Sea, that sorrows and speaks for all.

Who shall guess what my own heart said?
None, till sorrow with time be sped,
On a day that the sea gives up its dead.

Six days out: the sky turned flame.
East-bound ships on our quarters came,
Dipped each pennon and spelled each name.

Seventh day: on a rainy sky,
Sheer and sullen and strange and high,
We watched the city where I shall die.

HENRY LONGAN STUART.

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THE HEROINE OF LOURDES

By THOMAS WALSH

FROM out that mystical tradition associating the venerated pile of rocks at Massabieille with the shrines of Our Lady at Puy and other primitive mounts of pilgrimage, so well delineated by Huysman in his Foules de Lourdes, emerges the "simple, innocent, poor, humble, prudent, patient and cross-loving person of Bernadette Soubirous. She stands forth for us on the sand bar of the little River Gave, a girl of fourteen years, a shepherdess from Batres, come with her comrades to gather firewood along the shore, when as she tells us—"I heard a sound like a gust of wind. Turning my head toward the meadow, I saw that the trees were unmoved. Again I was interrupted by the same sound and as I raised my head looking in the direction of the grotto, I saw a Lady in white." It was the first apparition of Lourdes, February 1, 1858!

On Sunday, February 14, 1858, Bernadette with five or six young companions returned to the grotto. "She is there!" she cried, "she is smiling!"—and sprinkling the holy water she had brought, she cried—"If you are a messenger from God, come!" The vision smiled and bent over her. On February 18, 1858, Bernadette returned again to Massabielle, accompanied by two ladies of the Sodality of the Children of Mary, bearing a blessed candle. She presented pen, ink and paper to the Lady, who answered—"There is no need for me to write what I have to say to you. Will you do me the favor of returning here every day for a fortnight?" adding as the child gave assent, "I do not promise you that you will be happy in this world, but in the next."

On February 19 and 20, the vision returned, and amid the crowds that began to follow Bernadette to the grotto, the child would fall into an ecstasy quite unconscious of the others present. On Sunday, February 21, a sudden pain passed across the face of the Lady whose glance turned back to Bernadette, as she said—"Pray for sinners." On Tuesday, February 23, there was an extraordinary revelation given to Bernadette, the Lady confiding to her "the three-fold secret" which she bore inviolate to her grave. During the eighth apparition on Wednesday, February 24, she repeated to the bystanders the words—"Penance! Penance! Penance!," which the Lady had said to her. On Thursday, February 25, the Lady told her—"Go, drink and wash at the spring." After some indecision the child went to the left corner of the grotto, bent and dug the earth with her finger, whereat a tiny stream of water appeared and little by little gained in volume for the consolation and blessing of countless sufferers the whole world over.

On Friday, February 26, Bernadette heard the vision say to her—"Bend down and kiss the ground for the sake of all sinners," and she immediately obeyed, imitated by the great throng gathered behind her. On Saturday, February 27, the vision said—"Go and tell the priests that a chapel should be built here." On Sunday and Monday there were other devotional ecstasies, and on Tuesday, March 2, the Lady declared—"I desire to see processions made to this spot." On Thursday, March 4, there were 20,000 persons gathered to witness the child's ecstasy. When Bernadette came to herself again she had no revelations to make. At the sixteenth apparition, Thursday, March 25, Bernadette asked the Lady three times—"Madame, would you be kind enough to tell me who you are?" The vision ceased smiling—"her face became suddenly serious and she seemed to take an attitude of humility. Slowly parting her clasped hands, she leaned forward and said—

"Que soy era Immaculado Counception"—I am the Immaculate Conception—and vanished.

On Wednesday, April 7, during her ecstasy at the grotto, Bernadette held her hand amid the flames of the candle she was holding. There was no pain nor sign of scorching. Later when Doctor Dogous held a candle to her hand she cried out—"You are burning me."

Three months later, on June 3, Bernadette received her First Communion and on July 16, the last of her visions was granted her. The vision disappeared forever with a smile of extraordinary sweetness.

This is the brief yet comprehensive story of the apparitions of Lourdes, and the striking marvels of the event have filled the minds and hearts of several generations, have seen the creation of a great religious centre, a huge cathedral, hospitals and convents, and hundreds of thousands of pilgrims from all the outer world.

Of Bernadette Soubirous herself, the story has yet to be told to the many who are lost in the contemplation of the wonders of Lourdes—the blessings of Our Lady showered so plentifully on that predestined spot—it is a story of a simple, human being, the recipient of one of the highest favors that heaven has bestowed upon a mortal whose human eyes have visualized the Mother of God, a mortal in whose heart was found some transcendent quality that constituted it a fitting medium for a supernatural revelation.

Bernadette Soubirous was born on January 7, 1844, the first child of Francois Soubirous and his wife, Louise Casterot, living at, and operating the mill of Boly in Lourdes. She was baptized two days later under the name of Marie-Bernard, and was put out to nurse with Marie Lagües Aravant, where she remained for fifteen months. The mismanagement of

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the mill quickly brought the Soubirous family into want, and in 1855 they were evicted and took refuge in a quarter of the abandoned jail of Lourdes, known as the "cachot." It was during this severe winter that Bernadette lived with her aunt Bernarde, and some years passed with recurring visits to her foster parents, the Aravants, at Batres. In 1857, Madame Aravant asked for Bernadette to remain as nurse of her children. Bernadette being afflicted with asthma, it resulted that she was put in charge of the sheep folds and lambs, instead of watching the children. Barbet's Bernadette Soubirous describes her at this time as having "large dark eyes, full of expression, hair as black as ebony, her face full, her mouth rather large, her voice soft and kindly. She was of a modest, smiling and affectionate nature."

She could neither read nor write, but she could pray—and her love for the lambkins was very marked. She had one special little pet that would come and knock down the little altars she made for the Blessed Virgin, but "I readily forgave him," she said, "and instead of punishing him would give him bread and salt which he loved to eat."

Her father coming out on the hills to see her found her very unhappy. "Just look at my sheep," she moaned. "Some of them have their backs all stained with green!" He replied in joke—"All the grass they eat is coming out on their backs; I am afraid they will die of it." Bernadette burst into tears. Later on she admitted—"My simplicity was doubtless a bit surprising, but I did not know what a lie was, and believed everything I was told."

Bernadette had reached the age of fourteen without making her First Communion, but her foster-mother Aravant had taken upon her the first lessons in the catechism. On her return to her own home in Lourdes, she found her Catholic and pious family in the midst of extreme poverty. With eight children on the verge of want, the Soubirous maintained the practices of piety and Christian decorum. Père Cros (Récit et Mystères) declares—"The children honored their parents as their parents honored each other: correction, when necessary, was administered mildly; no complaint ever was spoken, so that a certain dignity and joyousness was never wanting to family life in the cachot." It was a life of poverty, honesty, and piety modeled upon that of the Holy Family at Nazareth.

We have given an outline of the apparitions at Massabieille and have now only to consider briefly the attempts of the government to suppress what it called "the disturbances of the peace of Lourdes." The details of these examinations which developed quickly into persecutions are exact and satisfying to the most meticulous student of the case. The procureur imperial was unable to exact a promise from Bernadette not to return to the grotto. The superintendent of police attempted to write out an account of Bernadette's confessions, which she vigorously and at all times refused to accept—accusing him repeatedly of making her say things she had never declared. Intimidation of Francois Soubirous and his wife was resorted to with more, though not entire, success. The mayor of Lourdes notified the prefect of Tarbes and the Minister of Public Worship was also informed of the occurrences. The prefect, a sincere Catholic, Baron Massy, a Knight Commander of Saint Gregory, considered it his duty to suppress an excitement that might redound to the discredit of true religion and, satisfied with the honesty of Bernadette and her family, fell back upon the hypothesis of an hallucination. Three doctors were chosen, men of honor, with, however, materialistic tendencies: they made an inconclusive report as to the probable derangement of Bernadette, which on intelligent examination was found to be vague and illogical. When the announcement was made that Bernadette was to be conveyed to Tarbes "to be treated medically," the Curé Peyramale, a careful pastor, took the following stand—"If the bishop, clergy and I are waiting for a fuller light on the occurrences at the grotto before pronouncing on their supernatural character, we are at least sufficiently informed to judge of Bernadette's sincerity and full possession of her mental faculties. Your own doctors can find no trace of any cerebral lesion, they dare affirm nothing and conclude their report with an hypothesis. I know my duty as pastor of this parish, and the protection I owe to my flock. Go and tell M. Massy that his gendarmes will find me barring their way on the family threshold, that they will have to fell me, to pass over my body and trample it underfoot before they touch a hair of the child's head." The measure was thereupon abandoned.

The cures for which Lourdes was to grow so famous had already begun—the police had moved the altar and ex votos that began to pile around the grotto—but the devotees clamored at the Town Hall for the return of their offerings, and promptly replaced them in the grotto and arranged for an illumination to repair this affront to their devotion. Baron Massy now closed the grotto to the public, forbidding the use of the water from the Massabieille spring. Disorders ensued during which the obstruction and prohibitionary decrees were torn down, several times with a continuing increase in public indignation. The water of the spring was then subjected to examination, but the response of Filhol of the scientific faculty of the university of Toulouse was adequate—"It contains no active substance capable of giving it any definite therapeutic properties: it may be drunk without danger." The difficulties at Lourdes were finally solved by an order to the prefect from the Emperor Napoleon III, who happened to be at Biarritz, nearby, directing that all obstructions to piety at Massabieille be discontinued. The town officials yielded, the procureur stating—"We were fighting in good faith for the honor of religion, and in an ordinary human affair we should

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have succeeded. That we did not—I no longer hesitate to recognize the fact—was because you had the Blessed Virgin with you, and against us."

So much for the civil authorities: on November 17, 1858, Bernadette was cited before the ecclesiastical commission appointed by the bishop. At the close of the session, she accompanied the commissioners to the grotto, pointed out the various points in the story of the apparitions. The enquiry that ensued occupied some four years, and when on January 18, 1862, the Bishop of Tarbes published his pastoral, it contained the following striking announcement—

"We declare that Mary Immaculate, Mother of God, did in reality appear to Bernadette Soubirous on February 11, 1858, and certain subsequent occasions, to the number of eighteen in all, in the grotto of Massabieille, near the town of Lourdes: that this apparition bears every mark of truth and that the faithful are justified in believing it certain."

After Bernadette had made her First Communion and left the school of the Sisters of Nevers, she made her home in a mill at the foot of the fort where visitors thronged to see her and question her. Her answers continued to carry conviction, and in spite of her limited instruction, the wisest came away deeply impressed. The Curé Peyramale finally requested the superior of the hospital of Lourdes to receive her, and while the community felt honored to receive her under their roof, they never permitted her to divine their feelings of her innate holiness. Visitors began to arrive in such throngs that they began to be burdensome to Bernadette: she spoke continually of the love and honor of God and His Mother, refused all forms of reverence and veneration, all forms of profit and gain which could mean so much in the impoverished condition of her family. She bitterly fought against any attempt to help the members of her family through her connection with the grotto or the apparitions. Her father bore witness that never in her life had she been disobedient: she was always of gay and lively disposition: humility and patience in the physical sufferings which always afflicted her were practised to an extraordinary degree. "Ignorant and poor as I am, and without aptitude for any particular work," she desired to spend the rest of her life among the Sisters of Nevers. "I can hardly hope to become their sister in religion."

She was admitted to a novitiate in Lourdes that lasted for two years longer, and was then transferred to the Mother-House of the Sisters of Nevers, the foundation of the Benedictine, Dom Jean-Baptiste de Laveyne. This was her final home—here began the long life of her sanctification which was finished at her death on April 16, 1879, when murmuring—"Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me, a poor sinner—a poor sinner," she passed again to the vision she had beheld with her childish eyes.

The convent life of Bernadette has been carefully delineated in all its particulars by one of her religious companions at Nevers. Never was a soul so completely convinced of its own unworthiness before God, of its insignificance in the eyes of men, of its own inner unimportance, as Sister Marie-Bernard. This rapt holiness, a mental offering up of self, a sacrifice of personality amounting to heroic virtue, has brought to Bernadette the long-awaited, long-deserved honors of beatification in Rome—which in this act attests to her personal holiness and worthiness to take her place among the virgins around the great white Throne. The Church has officially honored her whom Mary Immaculate herself chose to be her spokeswoman to the heart of France and the Christian world.

THE LAST OF THE SYMBOLISTS

By SUMMERFIELD BALDWIN

WHO was John Gray? Not long since I discovered the name in the following sentence of Mr. Holbrook Jackson's The Eighteen Nineties, which classified him as follows—

> Finally, there remain those poets who give expression to moods more attuned to end of the century emotions, but who will command a select group of admirers in most periods: In this class are Arthur Symons, Richard Le Gallienne, John Gray, Lord Alfred Douglas, Theodore Wratislaw and Olive Custance.

Of Symons, Le Gallienne, Douglas one has heard, and even of Wratislaw and Olive Custance—but John Gray?

Mr. Jackson has the not wholly happy faculty of whetting the appetite without satisfying it to any appreciable extent. The information which he gives on his subject is somewhat meager. It turns out however, that he was Father John Gray, and that he was the recipient of letters from the dying Aubrey Beardsley, during the months of 1897 when the latter was being prepared for reception into the Catholic Church. It appears, also, that he edited these letters with an introduction. Mr. Jackson gives us rather a long extract from this introduction which reveals that Father John Gray had a certain command of the English language, but that in his use of it, he is the child of the 'nineties. He has, like Pater and Wilde, a curious aversion for the relative pronoun, and thus contrives to lend to his sentences a perhaps needless complexity.

Mr. Jackson also deigns to tell us that John Gray was "estranged from neighbouring decades" along

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with Ernest Dowson, but unlike Francis Thompson, "by a fortuitous decadence of mood." This is interesting, of course, but not especially enlightening. And finally, to illustrate the decorative work of Charles Ricketts, he reproduces for us the first leaf of a volume of verse, Spiritual Poems, which is, as if by accident, a work of our elusive author.

Who was John Gray? The question is not meant to be rhetorical. From Mr. Jackson's book, I allowed my curiosity to lead me through the familiar paths of bibliography. The results were very meager, and, with something of an apology, I offer them here. Encyclopaedias, dictionaries of biography, even the inevitable Who's Who, know nothing of "John Gray." Histories of English literature, however painfully bibliographical, do not refer to the name. But the Library of Congress confesses that it owns his edition of the Last Letters of Aubrey Beardsley, and the British Museum catalogue pleads guilty not only to Spiritual Poems, but to another, earlier collection, Silverpoints, and the weary cataloguer calls the author a "translator."

At length, however, I find myself in a temporary possession of this latter slim, oh, very slim and precious, book. Printed in London, in 1893, it contains thirty poems with rather misleading titles—most of them dedicated to a more or less familiar personage of the day. Paul Verlaine furnishes the legend, ". . . en composant des acrostiches indolents." There is a poem dedicated to Oscar Wilde, and to Wilde's good friend, Sherard. Frank Harris has a poem, and Pierre Louys, and Ernest Dowson. These, then, were our poet's friends, and, as will presently appear, even this information was welcome, in the absence of nearly all other biographical data.

Let us dip twice into these verses, and see what comes up. Crocuses in the Grass, dedicated to Charles Hazelwood Shannon, reads—

> Purple and white the crocus flowers,
> And yellow, spread upon
> The sober lawn; the hours
> Are not more idle in the sun.
>
> Perhaps one droops a prettier head,
> And one would say: Sweet Queen,
> Your lips are white and red,
> And round you lies the grass most green.
>
> And she, perhaps, for whom is fain
> The other, will not heed;
> Or, that he may complain,
> Babbles, for dalliaunce, with a weed.
>
> And he dissimulates despair,
> And anger, and surprise;
> The while white daisies stare
> —And stir not—with their yellow eyes.

"Purple and white," "white and red," "most green," "yellow eyes"! Nay, rather, "yellow 'nineties." Still, the poem is extremely lovely, though its significance escape a casual reading. "Pretty, but what does it mean?"

And then, in Mon Dieu M'a Dit—

> God has spoken: Love me, son, thou must; Oh see
> My broken side; my heart, its rays refulgent shine;
> My feet, insulted, stabbed, that Mary bathes with brine
> Of bitter tears; my sad arms, helpless, son, for thee;
>
> With thy sins heavy; and my hands; thou seest the rod;
> Thou seest the nails, the sponge, the gall; and all my pain
> Must teach thee love, amidst a world where flesh doth reign,
> My flesh alone, my blood, my voice, the voice of God.
>
> Say, have I not loved thee, loved thee to death,
> O brother in my Father, in the Spirit son?
> Say, as the word is written, is my work not done?
> Thy deepest woe have I not sobbed with struggling breath?
> Has not thy sweat of anguished nights from all my pores in pain
> Of blood dripped, piteous friend, who seekest me in vain?

For of course, this is Catholic symbolism at its peak. Francis Thompson might have written it. Or it might be a translation out of the great Verlaine himself. People are wont to sneer when they observe that most of the French and English "decadents" embraced the Catholic faith. They say, as it was said of Joris Karl Huysmans, that having sucked this world's orange dry, they flung away the rind. They overlook two things—first that Catholicism with Christ takes more joy in one repentant sinner than in a thousand just, who need no repentance. And second, they fail to remark that "decadence" is only the negative, the "dying" phase of the romantic spirit. From decadence, and from romanticism were finally produced one great and signal literary hypothesis that words are symbols not only of rational and intelligible ideas, but also of the essential truth, lying behind all ideas, yet itself a a mystery and unintelligible. In the Catholic faith, these men found at last, and after much fruitless wandering, the supreme symbol of universal truth, and, with singular consistency for these times, accepted that symbol and received that truth.

Yet we depart somewhat from Father John Gray. Surely, this man has been examined, criticized, estimated somewhere. But the contrary reveals itself. Poole's Periodical Index, the Yellow Book, even the dusty files of the now defunct London Athenæum, where it seems that everyone who ever lived must have been mentioned, do not refer to him. Only a forgotten volume of the Dublin Review offers a brief and inconclusive notice of the Spiritual Poems. They appear to be chiefly translations, they are "redolent of the spirit of early devotional verse," they are infused with "the beauty of primitive thought together with the inevitable ruggedness of primitive language." However, "the poems which may be presumed to be original, in the absence of mention of the writer, are conceived

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in the same spirit as those rendered from other languages."

And where am I to find the cursus vitæ of this now almost legendary figure? Not apparently among the obituaries of the London Times. He is not one with Lionel Johnson, and Aubrey Beardsley, and Ernest Dowson, and Arthur Rimbaud, in too early burning up the fuels of bodily existence. If the Times does not know of his death, it is a safe wager that he is alive.

And alive he is! For all this while, the Catholic Who's Who for England (most obvious source of all) has been neglected. "The Reverend John Gray" has been patiently catalogued for year after year, in the following terms:

> A poet of distinction, who became a Catholic while still a boy. Since entering the priesthood, he made little further sign to readers than that contained in a small volume of verse for children published in 1904, and a preface to Aubrey Beardsley's Letters. His work among the poor of Edinburgh had its outward symbol and memorial in the building of a beautiful church.

So we might say, a practical symbolist.

HOLY YEAR IN ROME

By L. J. S. WOOD

HOLY YEAR is in itself an attractive thing, a picturesque thing. Apart from the inner, subjective appeal, irresistible for those to whom it is addressed, it holds objective attraction for the world. And you have to add to it that general fascination which Rome always exercises—the existence of which no one, I think, however sincerely and utterly he may dislike Rome and all its works, will, if he is honest, venture to deny.

In increasing numbers every year people of high degree and low, those who believe and those who do not—some of whom do not want to, some wonder whether perhaps they would not like to—come with the desire of "seeing all that Rome has got to show."

They come regularly, steadily, in ordinary times—for there is never a moment when Rome has not got something to show. The "season" influx begins in November and is at its height from mid-Lent to the end of April. Of late years there has been a steady holiday stream during summer, largely from the United States. The estimate of foreigners coming into Italy in 1923 is given at 700,000, and 1924-5 will certainly show an increase. England leads with 113,000, France gives 97,000, the United States 88,000, Germany 60,000, a figure which most certainly grew in 1924 when at one moment in the spring it was estimated that there were 70,000 Germans in Italy—30,000 of them in Rome. If that is a fair proportional estimate, 700,000 visitors to Italy would give 300,000 to Rome. But this, of course, is not a year of ordinary proportional estimates.

Before the opening of the Holy Doors on Christmas Eve, terribly exaggerated figures were spread abroad of the coming influx. For that one ceremony we were told that a million people would pour into Rome. That was too absurd. Three millions for the whole year did not seem at first sight too exaggerated, but it was far beyond the estimates formed by those competent in the ecclesiastical world—which ranged from 750,000 to 1,250,000. Rome is reckoned to be able to accommodate 50,000 visitors, and the ordinary hotel accommodation has been increased this year by about twenty percent—apart from the special lodgings arranged for big pilgrimages. The first two months were in any case not expected to provide anything like a full complement, and a slack time is expected in the summer. Give the duration of the Holy Year as forty full weeks, 280 or, say, 300 days—give, again, ten days for the average stay, and we have 1,500,000 for the year. And that will be putting Rome at "full" for spells when it will probably be no more than comfortably filled. The big rush period—Easter to the close of the beatifications and canonizations—lasts only two months. The highest ecclesiastical reckoning, 1,250,000, will probably cover all visitors, pilgrims and ordinary.

Arrivals during the first two months were not expected to be heavy, but they would have reached higher figures had it not been for the mass of rumors detrimental to Italy which have been circling round the world. Rome, largely in consequence, was not comfortably filled till March—not full till April. Some of the rumors were based on a slight foundation of truth, but exaggerated beyond all reason, either of set purpose or just in the ordinary press process of arousing interest. It is true, for instance, that prices rose. That was largely an ordinary economic contingency; the wholesale purveyor, the hotel keeper, the small tradesman—everyone desired to make his profit out of the Holy Year in preparation for which much money had been spent; the city also sought to get back in taxes what it had spent in necessary preparations and improvements. It was natural, too, that in face of exaggerated estimates of coming visitors, rumors of dearth of accommodation should get round. But it was not natural to read letters received by Americans imploring them to pack their bags and start home at once because it was well known in the United States that a revolution in Italy was imminent; that Mussolini

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was not really ill with influenza and gastric after-effects—the truth being that he had met and quarrelled with the Crown Prince of Italy who had shot him on the spot; that economic conditions were so bad that the Italian government had put a tax on fat—fat people in consequence were starving themselves. In the "denigration," as the word runs here, there was method and purpose.

A certain fall in the value of the lira was financially-economically justified by the extra payments, estimated at a milliard lire, which had to be sent across the Atlantic, principally for grain. But the suddenness and extent of the drop were unnatural, and even when due account is taken of ordinary speculation there is no getting away from the conclusion that it was engineered. When, too, we note—as we have had to note so frequently before—that the sudden fall in the value of the lira coincided with a combined, concerted attack on the government, its whole policy and its allied institutions, we are inevitably led to see behind it certain politico-financial interests—active at all times but particularly keen in opposition to a government which has proclaimed the destruction of all such politico-financial intrigue as one of its main objects.

Nor can anyone who has followed the development of the policy of the present government, noting the variety of imbedded interests and ideas which it is uprooting, fail to observe in this general attack a special note of hostility to the Holy Year and all that it implies, the prestige of religion in general and the Holy See in particular. Mussolini was wise enough to see that the two most valuable bulwarks for his régime were the Savoy monarchy, for which the Italian people as a whole have now a very affectionate regard and loyalty, and the Catholic religion, their natural and innate heritage. It was honest belief as well as policy that prompted his "We are a Catholic nation," and the interview to the Spanish journalist illustrating what he meant by that and what it meant to him and Italy; the innumerable actions by which he has translated that conception into action, which may be all summarized in "to be a good Italian you have to be a good Catholic." One must have some moral foundation, and that, for the Italian, is his Catholic religion. In this he is sweeping away in a moment the prejudiced traditions of over fifty progressively godless years—the "liberalism," at first fairly honest but later degenerating into materialistic radicalism, into socialism, with the unpleasant splash of communism seen in 1919 and 1920. It is a patent political fact that the enemies of the Church are the enemies of Mussolini. All the Freemasons are with the Opposition "on the Aventine"—except the few who are skulking in the Fascist ranks for purposes of sabotage.

No sane thinker could really have imagined that protests and threats such as that raised by the notorious Giordano Bruno Free Thought Association against the Holy Year would have appreciable results. Their intention could have been little more than to keep alive such opposition to the Vatican as remains after the downfall of the anti-clericalism of old days—dead by the confession of its own leaders and requiring new methods if ever it is to be revived. You cannot put out a world fire of religious feeling with a squirt. Holy Year goes on.

It is an attractive, picturesque thing, a notable occurrence. But after all it is no more than a momentary incident in the unceasing revolution of that great wheel, the Church.

Holy Year is a success. The people are coming in as ever, just to see what Rome has to show: the central office now reports that individual applications for the official tessera of the Holy Year are exceeding expectations, and big pilgrimages pour in. The contribution of one foreign country alone, Germany, of 500 a week for forty weeks—one week the 500 was swelled to 1300—is an index. And the ecclesiastical people tell you that it is a success in the deeper sense: the pilgrims are real pilgrims, they have come here to pray, as the Pope asked them, not to see the sights.

Incidentally Holy Year includes an item of which all who see it say with regret that it is not known as it should be—the Missionary Exhibition at the Vatican. In a comparatively small space up there, about twenty pavilions and a couple of galleries, there has been collectetd and packed an almost inconceivable amount of matter. It is packed so closely—because the organizers here had not envisaged such a wonderful response to their appeal—that if you have only time for one short visit you can walk through it in a morning. But I warn you that you will come out amazed with the picture thrown before your eyes of lands and peoples of every habitable quarter of the globe—their story, lives, products, religions, idiosyncracies and eccentricities. For the Catholic there is the story and the appeal of the self-sacrifice of his missionaries from the time of the Apostles to today. For the learned, the ethnologist in particular, there is here collected, organized, arranged, a mass of matter which has never before been made available in such form and extent.

Such, in rough, is the Holy Year of 1925 in Rome. Objectively and subjectively it is something. Does it mean anything to the world, will it bring anything to the world, on either count? When, on Christmas Eve of this year, the Pope shall have closed the Holy Doors—when, that is, it is over—unless, as is to be hoped, some of the instructive, educative part of the Missionary Exhibition remains as permanency—what shall we be able to say of it? Is it making, or going to make, any difference to the world?

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COMMUNICATIONS

CONCERNING THE SCOPES CASE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—May I begin this letter with a sincere congratulation on The Commonweal's editorial, Concerning the Scopes Case, in the issue of June 3? Therein you have stressed well the need of cool, calm judgment and the present necessity of keeping clearly in mind what is at issue in the Dayton trial.

You could not have given better advice than you did when you said—"Catholics at least should know and act upon the fact that there cannot possibly be any real conflict between any fact and the teachings of the Catholic faith. Let the flood roar and rage—truth will at last prevail." We know our faith can never be disproved and so we face all facts fearlessly. All we want are facts which are facts. But may I frankly take issue with the following which seems too general a statement? "The matter of evolution is an open question. . . . Except for those Catholics whose vocation it is to study science, and who are therefore competent to follow its development, and to mark the ebb and flow of its progress toward knowledge, most Catholics may well leave the whole matter to be threshed out by the scientists, and calmly await the final verdict—when, and if, that verdict can be rendered."

I beg leave to submit that the matter of evolution is "an open question" only on certain points. It might be better to state wherein it is not "open." It is not an open question whether the soul of man is evolved or not. Each human soul is spiritual, and therefore non-evolvable from matter, and is created immediately by God and placed in the human embryo. Therefore, "the mind in the making" is impossible. It is not an open question that the present race of men came into existence by tribal evolution—the transformation of many male and female animals into many male and female human beings.

It is a matter of faith that the present human race began with one man and one woman, whom we call Adam and Eve. The non-evolution of Adam's body has never been finally and irrevocably settled by the Church, but many find in the Biblical decree of June 30, 1909, at least a disciplinary prohibition regarding the teaching of the evolution of even Adam's body.

When we come, however, to the non-human life—both plant and animal life—evolution does seem to be a completely open question to be settled solely on scientifically ascertained data. In view of what we have said so briefly, it does seem that we may safely conclude that it is rather false that all who are not following science as their vocation must leave the matter to be threshed out by the scientists. Since there are facts more clearly known from reason and from revelation than any technically scientific facts—the creation of each soul, and the oneness of parentage of the human race—both philosophers and theologians have every right to assert those facts and to warn Catholics and all sound thinkers that any "scientific proof" to the contrary is inevitably specious. It may be true, however, that said philosophers and theologians may be forced to ask humbly of their Catholic science professors to detect for them the fallacy in the would-be proof that runs counter to reason or revelation or both.

FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, S.J.
Fordham School of Social Service.

IN THE MATTER OF EVOLUTION

Davenport, Iowa.

TO the Editor:—I have read with much profit your editorial of June 3 on the Scopes case. In view of the coming notoriety you refer to, I venture the following suggestion in the hope that it may help clarify some people's ideas.

You state that Catholics have a right to protest against those who "accept the evolutionary hypothesis as an already proven fact, and proceed to teach and preach philosophies and methods of thought and action which are socially dangerous and subversive to religion." This phrasing would seem to imply that if ever the evolutionary hypothesis becomes a proven fact, it may supply valid reasons for preaching a dangerous evolutionary philosophy. To my mind it is very essential to clear thinking in this matter that we keep the two ideas separate. Organic evolution as seen from the theist's point of view, is nothing more than a hypothetical, at present more or less plausible, description of God's ways of doing things; it is a scientific hypothesis and objections are valid only on scientific grounds. Philosophical evolution, on the other hand, presumes to replace religion and is to be combatted with arguments from philosophy and religion. The two have really nothing in common: the first has no bearing whatever on our social and religious ideas; the second is destructive of all our most cherished convictions. Only specialists are competent to discuss the former; opinions concerning the latter are within the province of all thinking men. Professor More's book, The Dogma of Evolution, commented on by William L. Hornsby in your issue of May 13, becomes meaningless unless this distinction is observed; in common with all our saner scientists he insists on it. To stress the obvious, namely, that organic evolution is as yet only a theory, and in the next breath to insist that evolution is dangerous, hopelessly confuses the man in the street. "Suppose," he subconsciously observes, "these scientists ever do establish the fact of evolution! They have done more remarkable things than that in the past."

U. A. HAUBER.
Professor of Biology, Saint Ambrose College, Ia.

WHEN IS A CLASSIC?

Webster Groves, Mo.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal for May 27, Mr. Jules Bois makes the following statement—"no one is a classic in his own days, who is destined to become one later on."

We think that Mr. Bois has nodded for the nonce. In 1837, Englishmen from King down to scullery-maid, were reading Pickwick Papers, and chuckling over Sam Weller. Seventy years ago, no one was comme il faut unless he had read Trollope's Barchester Towers, and knew Mrs. Proudie. To go back a little—in 1820, Irving's Sketch Book had been published just a year, and America and England were enjoying Rip Van Winkle.

Are facetious Sam, bellicose Mrs. Proudie, lazy Rip, forgotten this year of grace, 1925? We hear a mighty chorus of nay! nay!

CYRIL CLEMENS.

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BOOKS

You Gentiles, by Maurice Samuel. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.00.

MAURICE SAMUEL has written an admirable book. His treatment does no dishonor to the scope of his subject for he has the priceless gift of sincerity. His fine determination to tell the truth as he sees it gives his sentences a deep rhythm that far greater masters of English prose might envy. He tells us that he has read much and traveled widely, rightly preferring experience of life to the reading of books as a key for the understanding of mankind. The clear distillation of his reading and his experience of life is this—"We Jews stand apart from you Gentiles—a primal duality breaks the humanity I know into two distinct parts—this duality is fundamental, and—all differences among you Gentiles are trivialities compared with that which divides all of you from us."

There you have it—the reality underlying pretence and convention on both sides, the thing that (I suppose) every Gentile who has ever intimately known a Jew has inevitably felt. The truth that so many moderns, Jew and Gentile alike, try to cover and deny, Samuel presents with clearness, force, and sometimes even with splendor. Indeed, he becomes so absorbed in its presentation, that it virtually crowds out of his conclusion the suggestions he promises us in his opening pages as to the way to deal with the situation his truth creates.

We Gentiles, he finds are not serious. We do not concentrate with the Jewish intensity, especially we do not concentrate upon ultimate spiritual values. "In moral effort," says he, with an innocent pride, the Jews " . . . have exceeded any living race and have produced an over-whelming number of revolutionaries and socialists of the true prophetic type. . . . Jewish Socialism and Jewish Socialists are the banner-bearers of the world's 'armies of liberation.' "

And this is so not by accident, but because not only the Jew of the prophetic-revolutionary type—our author's Jew par excellence—but every Jew, whether or not he spends his life in the pursuit of "social justice," cannot help feeling permanent and profound dissatisfaction with the Gentile world in which he must live. "Nothing that you will do will meet our needs and demands." Is the reader of this article by this time rubbing his eyes? I repeat this Maurice Samuel is no ranter and no fool, but a man convinced of the harm of amiable falsehood in so grave a matter.

Let us go back and examine in more detail his statement of the difference between Jew and Gentile. He finds that the Gentiles are not serious. Of all life we make a game—and this game we surround with a childish network of rules—punctilio—chivalrous nonsense, call it what you will. We have an extraordinary passion for sport. So dearly do we love the thrill of combat for the combat's sake, that we find exaltation even in the colossal nastiness of war. "You," he says, "remember all your wars with wistful and longing pride as the greatest events in your existence."

In religion, too, the Gentile is not serious. Samuel finds us essentially polytheists—builders of graceful, trivial, myths. Again, we subordinate religion to patriotism. When we pray it is almost always with a trace of pride, as a vassal might salute a powerful superior.

Even in our Utopias, such as Plato's Republic, war has an important place. In our discussions of justice we analyze, and define. We even go so far as to ask—"What is justice?" "Does any man that loves true justice (not the game) ever ask this question?" We fritter away the precious emotion of loyalty by diverting it into trivial channels, college spirit, regimental ésprit de corps, attachment to the suburb in which a man happens to live, all sorts of foolish local patriotisms. We can maintain discipline in our societies only by rigid conformities, drill movements, or the "narcotic rhythms" of hymns and patriotic songs.

When asked to take such fooleries seriously, the Jew cannot contain his scorn; he is like a sardonic humorless adult breaking in on the pleasant make-believe of children. "We Jews cannot play the game . . . we Jews alone understand and feel the universality of God . . . our gloomy and merciless monotheism, intolerant in abstraction and personification, is the eternal enemy of your gods."

Hence there must always be struggle, actual and potential, between Jew and Gentile. Merely by obeying the law of his own nature, the Jew must always be a disturbing influence in Gentile societies. His profound dissatisfaction with our way of life leads him to ally himself with any rebel seeking to break down the social order we have laboriously built up—even though social order and rebel are equally Gentile, and therefore equally alien to himself. "We are a disturbing element in your life, not through our own fault. . . . We do not attack you deliberately. Our attack upon you is only incidental to our way of life."

At this point the Gentile reader of Samuel's book feels himself compelled to pause. It would be easy to refute a number of the points of detail with which the author supports his argument. For instance, is it always true that the Jews do not attack us Gentiles deliberately? When the Jew, Mordecai, who called himself Karl Marx, wrote his book Das Capital, the so-called Socialist bible, was he deliberately attacking the social order or no? Naquet, the parliamentary Jew who introduced divorce into France, how about him? To shift the scene to America in 1913, when Untermeyer, the Jew, attacked J. P. Morgan, was his stroke an unconscious act, or a mere piece of self-expression? Trotsky-Braunstein, Zinovieff-Apfelbaum, Kameneff-Rosenfeld, Litvinoff-Finkelstein, Bela Kun-Cohen, and the rest of the group in Moscow, when they preach the world revolution, are they walking in their sleep?

With reference to Gentile religion, our author has his difficulties. When he says that we are essentially polytheists, a half truth lurks behind his words. In that connection one wonders whether he ever happened to read Belloc's Esto Perpetua. But to turn around and say that we put patriotism before religion is to fall between two stools, for it happens to be Catholicism with its invocation of saints which has admitted polytheism as far as there is room for it within the Christian faith, and it is Protestantism which has done its best to break up Christendom into separate national and local churches. Mr. Samuel cannot have it both ways. If he hesitates whether to call Catholicism or Protestantism the dominant type of Gentile religion, then this hesitation leads him into the error of trying to skip lightly from one to the other. Had he seized either horn of the dilemma he must have admitted that in Catholicism —with its aspiration towards universality—there is no support for his charge of localism—whereas Protestantism cannot, by the wildest stretch of imagination, be called polytheistic.

He is not quite fair when he complains of the treatment meted out to Jews by Gentiles. For instance, he says that Chesterton and Daudet call Jews sharks and swindlers. Now I suppose there are few men upon the entire habitable globe

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more familiar than I with the written words of G. K. C. and of Leon Daudet. Very well then, I do solemnly swear unto Maurice Samuel that I cannot remember either of them saying anything of the kind. What they say over and over again is that Englishmen, not Jews, ought to be the masters in England, and that Frenchmen, not Jews, ought to be masters in France—which is something quite different.

Weaker still is his complaint that towards the Jew, the Gentile has been a dirty fighter. Unfortunately for this contention, he has already disowned sportsmanship as a childish game to which the Jew cannot stoop. You cannot expect your opponent always to limit himself by a code which you yourself openly and frankly despise.

Space forbids discussion of the Crusades and the Ukraine. It so happens that the Inquisition at no time had the slightest power to interfere with any Jew unless he had professed conversion to the Faith. As to Leo Frank, may I ask whether Samuel knew him intimately together with the circumstances of his alleged crime? If not, how can he be sure that the crime was not committed? So, too, as to ritual murder. God forbid that I in my ignorance should accuse any man of so horrible a crime. Nevertheless, I do know that many nations have practised human sacrifice, and that all nations have their perverts and their criminals.

If I have noted some of the weaknesses of the book, it has been in no spirit of disparagement. Fortunate is the author whose very mistakes of detail contribute to strengthen his thesis. Such is the present case, for every error Samuel makes as to Gentiles, reinforces his chief contention as to the vast and fundamental difference which he calls upon us to recognize. Whenever he gets on a subject where he is not seeing red—for instance the "Games of Science," or the impossibility of assimilating the Jew to the Gentile, there he is admirable.

Besides the permanent excellencies of the book, it has the further merit of being timely. In Europe it is a commonplace that practically all the heresies have been and are judaizing or semi-judaizing movements. In an address to a society of Jewish converts, quoted in The Sign last summer, the English Cardinal Bourne spoke quite naturally of those who were Jews by "nationality," although not by religion. Many American Catholics still obviously assume that the present status of the Jew can be permanent, and that it will finally justify itself through his "assimilation." In this matter I agree with Cardinal Bourne in thinking the Jew to be a nation apart. I agree with Samuel that "nation" is, if anything, too weak, rather than too strong a word, to describe the separateness of the Jew. The fomenters of revolution are usually Jews. Read this book and you will see why. The attempt to treat the Jewish body as a mere variety of religious opinion is visibly dying among the ruins it has caused. Only on Samuel's basis that they are a separate people can individual friendship and social peace be founded.

HOFFMAN NICKERSON.

Glamour, Essays on the Art of the Theatre, by Stark Young. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

STARK YOUNG happens to be one of the few dramatic critics on the New York dailies, who takes visible pains with his work. He is rarely, if ever, satisfied merely to report an evening's performance. He tries to add comment of his own, to delve a bit into the theme of the play and to appraise the acting with some reference to standards of artistic value. But at best his work in the New York Times is handicapped by that stern necessity of writing his review between the last curtain and the time the edition goes to press. It is a real delight to follow his thought at greater length in the pages of Glamour, and to see how his sensitive and mobile mind regards the panorama of the stage today. To a large extent, the essays in Glamour are reprints from the better known weekly and monthly magazines. Thus the material is not new, but its charm is enhanced by the opportunity to read it consecutively and to gather from it the sense of searching and earnest inquiry which inspires its author. At times, Mr. Young's style is slightly involved (or should one say precious?) but for the most part he has an easy and graceful way of framing his thoughts, and a keen sense of the music of words as an aid to clear expression.

It is fair, I think, to say that Mr. Young's chief quest is for universals, for those elements in dramatic art which endure beneath the surface flux, and which give unity and a soul to transient expression. To him the theatre is not mere condensed and dramatized realism. It is as much a medium of expression for great truths as music or architecture. Unless it does express those truths, it is not being true to itself, any more than a portrait painter would be true to his art if he sought only to convey photographic likeness without the personality and the soul of his object—that combined mood discoverable through weeks of observation, and not to be caught or summed up in the expression or posture of any one instant. In seeking likeness only, he would be working in the terms of photography, not of painting, and merely substituting for the instant's precision of the camera, the crudities and inaccuracies of the brush.

And so we might say that Stark Young has a quarrel with all those critics and producers (and they probably make up the majority) who measure the value of a theatrical performance by its minute realism—as if a play could have any permanent value or any searching interest without somehow going beyond the incident of the moment to a broad truth of life everywhere. And he has the same quarrel with those actors whose chief ambition is to limit themselves to being like this or that character "in the life," rather than to take the character and make it reach out to something larger and more important than itself.

Speaking, for example, of Duse's last performances in this country, he writes: "She made no attempt to reproduce what as a younger artist she had once done. It was no revival of former creations, no cheating of time and our memories that she gave . . . she restated her dramatic material in terms of the Duse that she was at the present time, not only in appearance, but also—what is much more subtle and difficult—spiritually and mentally. In this achievement, and in the intention behind it, was illustrated, as much as in any fact about her, the nature of Duse's art and of her mind."

Again he brings out the same desire for universals in discussing the Moscow Art Theatre's production of Czar Fyodor. In this, he felt strongly that the effort at contemporary "naturalness" cheated one of the magic of an historical past. The actors became men of today parading in costumes of the sixteenth century. They did not carry that universal truth of history which, to Stark Young, should be "a combination of actuality and remoteness." In the performance of such a story, he would like "the style of the acting to achieve, not the studied naturalness that we take daily as the ways of men, but the form, the magic of distance and scope, the conscious arrangement, the artifice and logic that would create in my mind the idea"—an idea of the men and women "as we see them through the depths of time. . . . In sum, I wanted through all the play less of what that sixteenth century situa-

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tion may, or may not have been, and more of what to me it really is." Might one re-phrase this and say that time and its effect upon one's soul is also a universal truth, and that in historical drama, the idea should not be to make the past a living present, but powerfully and vividly a living past. We do not ask that the past should be brought to us, but rather that we should be carried back to the past—and one astonishing truth of the past is our conviction that it is past and not present. From that springs the whole philosophy and the beauty of tradition.

With such a view of the theatre, it is natural to expect that Mr. Young would have decided views on directing as a component art. There are as many schools of directing as there are of playwriting or acting or stage setting, and one of the most provocative essays in this book is a discussion of the varying methods and objectives of contemporary directors. In this department, too, Mr. Young does not relinquish his search for enduring elements and for the proper method of combining them with the surface realities of the moment. All life, as I think he sees it, is a combination of the eternal and the temporal. To be true to itself, the theatre should partake of both.

R. Dana Skinner.

Windows of Night, by Charles Williams. London and New York: The Oxford University Press. $2.25.

THIS is Mr. Williams's fourth volume and the best he has so far given us. Its predecessors—especially Poems of Conformity, which came second in the series—contained so much magnificent work that it is a little hard to understand why this poet, who in the major lyric, the ode, is hardly equalled by any living writer and surpassed by none, should have received so little critical recognition. It would be too much to expect for him any popular applause, but one may reasonably wonder why his Ode for Easter Morning, which is almost unique in kind and degree in contemporary literature, should not be generally seen to be what it is.

Now, however, he has excelled his previous best with the dark, mysterious and majestic poem, The Window, that is the poem of the present volume. Upon these two poems, Mr. Williams may rest, with full assurance, his claim to the unwithering laurel. With them, I make bold to say, he is secure.

But there is much more besides of Charles Williams's work that posterity, one confidently hopes, will treasure. From this volume it might well wish to keep, after the severest winnowing, Sleep, Faerie, the fourth and the sixth of the Sonnets After Marriage, the Walking Song for a Child, Borgia, The English Tradition, Sub Specie Aeternitatis, To the Protector, or Angel, of Intellectual Doubt, Witchcraft, Tartarus, For a Picture of the Madonna Teaching the Divine Child, Geometry by Figures Drawn on the Sand, Saint Michael, and Saint Stephen.

Unfortunately much of Mr. Williams's poetry falls far below his highest level. That is not to say that he is ever without some distinction of thought and style; but unintelligibility, however splendid are incidental lines, is undoubtedly a fatal flaw in any poet. And Williams is, I confess, often more or less unintelligible. Even I, who have had the advantage of hearing him read his verses to me, and explain them, can yet, in several instances, but vaguely guess at his complete meaning. It should be added, however, that Windows of Night, though it has its obscurities, is freer than are the other volumes from their author's most characteristic defects.

Mr. Williams has learned something from Patmore; but, he has felt at liberty to push the Patmorian doctrine with, at times, even more audacity and extravagance than that of the poet of To the Unknown Eros. But if he has less balance and learning and restraint than his greater master, and nothing of his power of pathos, his voice is more resonant, his diction grander, and his intellect (perhaps unluckily) more curious in its subtlety than Patmore's. He is too often remotely allusive, and has a lust for speculative novelty that sometimes leads him into triviality.

I have stressed this poet's defects in order to be fair to anyone who, encouraged by my praise of Mr. Williams, might buy his books and be dismayed by their difficulties. They are, unquestionably, not to be read except with a good deal of mental athleticism; but the courageous will have their reward.

Theodore Maynard.

May Fair, by Michael Arlen. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

MAY FAIR "where motor cars grow from the cracks in the pavements and ladies recline in slenderness on divans playing with rosaries of black pearls and eating scented macaroons out of bowls of white jade" is the scene of Michael Arlen's continuation of the affairs of These Charming People. Shelmerdene, The Lady Fay Paradise, Venice, and Napier Harpenden, Hugo Cypress, Lady Surplice, George St. Almeric, Lord Tarlyon, Gerald March, and many others of Mr. Arlen's high sounding creations, reappear for our entertainment. Again the author peers into the glass of fashion and, the figures he sees there are glittering with jewels and fine raiment, but he never goes into their dressing rooms to see them with their wigs and make-up removed. Their like never lived on land or sea—their very unreality gives them their charm.

There are eleven stories and a prologue included which range from the veriest pot-boilers to the author at his best; from tales of horror to hilarious fantasies. The melodramatic Ace of Cads, the uproarious adventures of a young gentleman who was ill with pneumonia and appendicitis—the Wildian lady who didn't want to go to heaven because all of her friends were going to hell and her greatest social rival was already there and entertaining the reigning satanic celebrities; are all in the best Arlen manner.

One cannot help regretting that Mr. Arlen's cleverness has not been turned into the better advantage of sustained readable English. His writing is uneven, and May Fair, like his other books, contains little for full admiration. It is a glittering tinsel of flickering lights and shadows—cheap, but never lovely.

In some way the idea has travelled around that there is something naughty in Mr. Arlen's books, and this has certainly not decreased their sale. The Green Hat was a very moral tale, for if ever anyone paid the wages of sin that person was Iris Storm. Fashions change in the risqué. After all the best argument against sordid realism is that it is dull reading, and Mr. Arlen and the newer school of good business men as well as authors, have substituted audacious sprinklings of the unconventional and they are now selling in the tens of thousands.

Mr. Arlen's critics declare in voices that are reverberant with finality that he is superficial. In his very brazenness he has contrived to make of this superficiality a virtue rather than a defect. Few can deny that at his clever best Mr. Arlen is entertaining; and entertainment—superficial or otherwise—is quite enough for a hot summer day's reading.

John M. Kenny, Jr.

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BRIEFER MENTION

History of the Byzantine Empire, by Charles Diehl. Princeton University Press. $2.50.

THE non-existence of a general history that will present in a regulated manner the story of the Byzantine Empire, as Gibbons, for instance, has attempted in his History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, has left the general student of history in England and America in confusion before the vastness and intricacy of the story of Byzantine decline, Finlay's History of Greece from its conquest by the Romans and Bury's History of the Later Roman Empire, Rennell Rodd's Princes of Achaia and Dalton's Byzantine Art and Archeology seem to be the only solid authorities available in English. Therefore we owe a tribute to George B. Ives for his translation of this standard history from the French of Charles Diehl. The importance of the centuries of decline in the power of the Byzantine Empire is inextricably involved with the establishment of the Greek Orthodox Church, the early crusades and the founding of the Latin kingdoms and principalities of the East. The vastness of project, the almost invariable weakness, the countless treacheries and crimes of this world afar, appal and confuse the imagination. Mr. Diehl is a great authority on this difficult subject and we must express our recognition of the favor the Princeton University Press does American readers in presenting us with so fine a version of the original work.

A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales, by Jonathan Nield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.

JONATHAN NIELD has brought his Guide to the Best Historical Novels quite up to date in a new edition, and the importance of this work will be lively in the minds of booksellers and librarians. The connection between fiction and fact has not always had the happiest bearing on the truth, and the partisanship of authors dealing in romantic guise with historical periods and personages has propagated as much falsehood as real information. There is little use of complaining: the public is hopelessly romantic and will have its heroes whether in the palaces of the renaissance or in the saddles of the wild west. It will not be too ungrateful to this admirable book to point out its limitations in the new Scandinavian fiction which is so very superior to much that is already safely listed.

Mirrors, by Margaret Tod Ritter. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

THERE are poets of home and poets of the road: but in Margaret Tod Ritter these moods seem to be mingling, one modifying if not meeting the other. There is fine singing here, little to stir enthusiasm but much to charm and ease the heart. The personality of the poet is revealed as partly student, partly vagrant, altogether delightful.

In an article by Alice, Lady Lovat, (in religion, Sister M. Juliana Lovat) entitled In the Cause of Peace, published in The Commonweal of May 20, we regret the error contained in the statement that the author is a Mother-Superior. The sentence should have read—"Does it seem strange that a nun who is also a mother," etc. Lady Lovat is the mother of three sons, one of whom was killed in the war.—The Editors.

THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

"What sort of mental picture do the words 'studio party' conjure up in your mind, Doctor?" asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"A delightful one. Luxurious divans to recline on, lovely pictures and bronzes to gaze upon, gay and enchanting music, fascinating companions, and a charming, constant flow of brilliant conversation and sparkling wine."

"Ah, Doctor—now I see that you have read about studio parties—that you have seen them represented on the screen—but that you have never been to one."

"Well, I haven't," confessed Angelicus.

"Don't ever go. Keep that beautiful, but false, mental picture as it is."

"Why this cynicism, my child?" asked Dr. Angelicus.

"Ah, I have lived and learned. I, too, once thought of studio parties as you do. I looked forward to the time when I should attend my first one. That time came the other evening. Picture a vast, barren studio—odd bits of furniture separated by great open spaces of bare floor—in place of soft divans, hardwood Gothic benches—a player-piano in one remote corner sounding distant, mechanical melody—and Doctor, the punch-bowl, leagues away—and filled with a pale lemonade. Strange people, wandering about, talking in hushed tones to still stranger people, whom they had just met—and speaking only of the hot weather."

* * *

"Such disappointment should be a lesson to you," said Dr. Angelicus, "not to dream of things as you think they should be—but to face actuality squarely. The poets are responsible," he went on thoughtfully, "for the foolish romantic notions we have of things and incidents, in reality quite commonplace. If it were not for the iconoclasts, thundering at the doors of historic sanctuaries, and baring the actual facts, we should indeed be helpless.

"For instance, we were pained last year to learn that the Battle of Balaklava, 'the valley of death,' into which 'rode the six hundred,' was nothing more than of imagination impact—that they were not six hundred, and that most of them came back safe for supper. Oh, Tennyson!—O tempora! And now it has been disclosed that the famous old schooner Hesperus rode safely into Boston Harbor with only a broken bowsprit, and not a bit of sand from that pleasantly named Reef of Norman's Woe—an inspiration from the atlas for the poet of Cambridge. The 'little daughter' whom the skipper had brought along 'to keep him company,' proved in fact to be no other than Mrs. Sally Hilton, swept ashore lashed to the windlass bit and aged fifty-five years. Oh, Longfellow!—O mores!"

* * *

The Doctor and Miss Anonymoncule were startled at this juncture by the sound of deep sobbing. Looking up, they beheld Tittivillus rushing from the room in tears.

"There, you see," said Angelicus, "the pathos of the romantic soul suddenly faced with truth. I knew that boy was reading too much poetry."

* * *

Enter the Editor and Hereticus.

"Did it ever occur to you," said Hereticus, "that the milliner should be one of those in attendance at the death-bed of a woman?"

The others looked puzzled.

"Adequate reason for this is given in Les Petites Religions

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de Paris, by Jules Bois," continued Hereticus. Mr. Bois relates that Swedenborg, the Swedish mystic, was once questioned regarding his statement that there were in Heaven, angels of both sexes—men and women. His questioner asked —'But what distinguishes the lady angels from the men angels?' Swedenborg, after deep thought, replied—'The lady angels wear hats.' Hence the necessity of a milliner at the decease of all women."

"Oh," said the Editor, "that must explain the feminine expression, frequently heard—'I am dying for a new hat.'"

* * *

"I understand," said Hereticus to Doctor Angelicus, "that you have been somewhat disturbed over the question of evolution. My own doubts on the subject were resolved long ago on a visit I once made to Sumatra."

"For or against?" queried the Editor.

"For," replied Hereticus. "I was invited to visit the plantation of a certain land-owner there. One of the sights was a large cage on the estate, which held a happy family of pets —an enormous ourang-outang, his mate, and an offspring. They came up to the bars and viewed me curiously. Presently we moved away. As we did so, the male ourang-outang set up a series of horrible shrieks. 'What's the matter?' I asked my guide. 'Oh,' he said, 'you did not do the usual thing he expects of every visitor. You should have put some money in his hand.'

"Embarrassed at my social blunder, I went back to the cage and put a coin in the outstretched hand. Immediately the dreadful cries ceased. Then the male turned, and swinging himself by the bars over to the corner where the female was, docilely gave the coin to her. She at once went over to a small box in the cage, and with a manner of some importance, deposited my offering therein. To my mind, that was overpowering evidence that Darwin was right."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

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